THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1914

Monna Lisa

By John Helston

I, WHO have heard Orion splash on the midnight hills:
Who have been at veiled births of Beauty by stark moonlight:
Who have watched how the heart of eve grows quiet on misty fells,—
How loudly there comes from far a whiteness about the plover
Trailing on slow strange wings her cry on the day and night,—
How darkly the pale air shrieks round the swoop of the dark windhover,—
How tones of all dawns diverse one song to the lark discover:—
I have known that colour and sound as a wave unite,
Far in the ends of sense, where the spirit wells.

But hast thou drawn light, Leonardo, from wells of the sea,
That hast wedded her eyes to things more deep than the wells of earth?
Drawn—as the Woman that is in The World, to Birth,
In that it was laid on thy life for a destiny—
Light from the dark, Leonardo, if such may be?
To birth that begins on the darkness, as stars for men?
Shall not his eyes gather also of mystery,
Who shall say of the stars: "*How their lights begin!*"

I know not if in the time there shrunk off the land
Flame, and the sea was, the tides therein
Wrought at the moon their mother for voice to win
Speech—that one hears at night—with the rocks and sand.

But who shall tell—of the tide in the night—by day:
"*The voices I heard took on no change when the day did break*"?
Who shall say—to the sun—what the voices of midnight said,
Though all day long he remember within his head
Something he heard by dark that the light may not put away?
Who shall tell to the noon aloud what the whispering star-dome spake,
Though he say of a wave that was, that the wave is dead?

Did she who bore Leonardo bequeath with her peasant's blood
Breath that awoke with the tides, with the rocks awoke?
Did the wave of a rising life, that had him for its full flood sign,
Come down, in the years long past, by a place where the morning broke
On the white Greek women of groves, in their maidenhood,
Their increase, that of their passion men made divine?—
Come down under dawns that woke the marble from out the mine
To a kinship within the sun of gods man had made for his,
Touched into living Art by stroke on entreative stroke
Of vestal iron new-born of the fire's and the water's kiss?

And what of the pitiful ones, the sorrowing later gods,
That grew, while the world grew dark as the fires of Rome,
To fade while a woman smiles?—Monna Lisa, who sits and shrouds
The soul of her smiling eyes: what shadow has them for home?—
This woman of thine, Leonardo, who sits and crowds
The light of her darkling eyes with ghosts of the myriad gnome.

Was she older than was thy mother?—*her* son, Leonardo, seen
By women who watched through tears at the death of a Nazarene?

MONNA LISA

If flesh of her flesh at all in Golgotha hung and died,
Which fruit of her body was, on which of the crosses hung?
I have seen her that smiles, to-day; and others are crucified. . . .
—I seek but as children seek for things that their mothers hide—
But ever she sits and smiles. . . . Maybe that we men are young?

For older, she seems, as the rocks are older than are the sands.
And a light that shrunk off the rocks into sea-water
It dwells yet about her head: meseems, that she understands
All secret things that have been; till secrets are one for her
With fires that fell from the rocks that seas might arise and lands.
And all things that may be done she has done, it seems;
Till her eyes have brought forth from light some shadow of weariness—
Ay, even her hair in falling has fallen on heaviness,
In labour of living long where even the midnight teems
With flight of the starry ray. . . . For under her lids is less
Of sleep, that the soul may find, be it foul or fair,
Than the calm she has gathered, the quiet, within her hands.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

There were clouds, it seems, Leonardo, over thy cradle fallen?
They that begot thee erred; and thy life began
With a tarnish upon thy birth; and thy mother's eyes were swollen,
Perchance, with some shame of thee, Leonardo, O more than man?
But I think there had been, for thee, many well forgone—
Ay, many a law well broken by sinners twain!
There be many of virtues wedded while stars have shone,
With the order filled, but without the wonder, that lights The Wain.

Youth

By H. G. Dwight

THIS, Youth, was the day we parted,
You and I.
And I may be sterner hearted
Bye and bye—

When, like other men, forgetting
Dreams of old,
I shall be content with fretting
After gold—

When I shall no more remember,
Wise and grey
In the snow of life's December,
My lost May—

When my days, one like another,
Loiter past,
And I wait like some cell-brother
For the last.

But the memory of one morning
In the spring,
When the world wore May's adorning
Like a ring,

All my heart to-day is filling
With its pain,
While I hear the thrushes trilling
Spring again. . . .

I remember you were merry,
Youth, that day,
In the room above the ferry
Where I lay,

YOUTH

To my last sea-echoes listening
From my bed,
With the green sea-shadows glistening
Overhead.

You were merry and you chattered
Like a bird.
What you said it little mattered.
I but heard

That for you a day was nothing
But a day;
While for me, Youth, there was nothing
Left to say.

I could only lie there drinking
In your eyes,
As the shipwrecked sailor, sinking,
Scans the skies.

I could only steal your kisses—
Fast! O fast!—
Begging you of each one: "This is,
Youth, the last."

Once more I could crush you only
To my heart,
Heart-sick for the long and lonely
Days apart.

O that one last day together!
And the light!
And the magical May weather,
Jewel-bright!

And the splashing and the laughter
Everywhere!
And the echoes drifting after
Through the air!

And the coming and the going
Through it, free
As of old, and gay, but knowing
Bitterly

Such a city, in such weather,
Youth and May,
I should never find together
From that day.

Ah! And, Youth, the dark stair, leading
To the light,
I had passed so oft unheeding!
And the sight

Of the black boats gently swaying
At their posts!
And the water-shadows playing,
Like the ghosts

Of so many a panting hour—
That I knew
Would pursue me with its power,
Far from you!

How I sought some word to utter
That should hold
All I felt about us flutter
Still untold!

How some ecstasy of passion
On your breast
That should quit us in some fashion
For the rest!

But I only sat there gripping,
Dumb, your hand,
While I felt life past me slipping
Like Time's sand. . . .

So at last, Youth, at the setting
Of the sun
We went out, as if forgetting
All was done.

Out we went into the clamour
Of the town,
Where a magic evening glamour
Seemed to drown

YOUTH

Marble palace and white tower
In its light—
As for some supernal hour
Of delight.

And above us, I remember,
A strange cloud,
Lighted by a secret ember,
Spread its shroud.

Then I felt the sudden throbbing
Of the start,
Like a torn convulsive sobbing
In my heart.

And, slow as the white cloud o'er me,
'Gan to glide
The white vessel, Youth, that tore me
From your side.

And the domes and towers, kindled
By the glow
Of a splendid sunset, dwindled
Far and low

As the white ship without pity
Carried me,
Youth, from your enchanted city
To the sea.

Grey and wide I found him, under
Night's first star.
And I knew that many a wonder
Lay afar:

Lands, and undiscovered islands,
And fair towns—
Yea, perhaps fame's purple highlands,
And love's downs.

But my hungry eyes, unturning,
Backward flew.
For within the west's dim burning,
Youth, were you.

The Red Ants*

By Henri Fabre

THE pigeon transported for hundreds of miles is able to find his way back to his dove-cot; the swallow, returning from his winter quarters in Africa, crosses the sea and once more takes possession of the old nest. What guides them on these long journeys? Is it sight? An observer of the highest intelligence, one who, though surpassed by others in the knowledge of the animal as collected in glass-cases, is almost unrivalled in his acquaintance with the live animal in its wild state, Toussenel,† the admirable writer of *L'Esprit des bêtes*, speaks of sight and meteorology as the carrier-pigeon's guides:—

"The French bird," he says, "knows by experience that the cold weather comes from the north, the hot from the south, the dry from the east and the wet from the west. That is enough meteorological knowledge to tell him the cardinal points and to direct his flight. The pigeon taken in a closed basket from Brussels to Toulouse has certainly no means of reading the map of the route with his eyes; but no one can prevent him from feeling, by the warmth of the atmosphere, that he is pursuing a southward course. When restored to liberty at Toulouse, he knows that the direction which he must follow to regain his dove-cot is the direction of the north. Therefore, he wings straight in that direction, and does not stop until he nears those latitudes where the mean temperature is that of the zone which he inhabits. If he does not find his home at the first onset, it is because he has borne a little too much to the right or to the left. In any case, it takes him but a few hours' search in an easterly or westerly direction to correct his mistake."

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright U.S.A., 1913.

† Alphonse Toussenel (1803–85), the author of a number of interesting and valuable works on ornithology.—*Translator's Note.*

The explanation is a tempting one when the journey is taken north and south, but it does not apply to a journey east and west. Besides, it is faulty inasmuch as it is not capable of generalisation. It is of no avail to talk of sight, still less of the influence of a change of climate, when a cat, for instance, returns home from one end of a town to the other, threading its way through a labyrinth of streets and alleys which it sees for the first time. Nor is it sight that guides my Mason-bees, especially when they are let loose in the thick of a wood. Their low flight, two or three yards above the ground, does not allow them to take a panoramic view, nor to gather the lie of the land. What need have they of topography? Their hesitation is short-lived: after describing a few narrow circles around the experimenter, they start in the direction of the nest, despite the cover of the forest, despite the screen of a tall chain of hills which they cross by mounting the slope at no great height from the ground. Sight enables them to avoid obstacles, without giving them a general idea of their road. Nor has meteorology aught to do with the case: the climate has not varied in those few miles of transit. My Mason-bees have not learnt from the experience of heat, cold, dryness and dampness: an existence of but a few weeks does not allow of this. And, even if they were versed in the science of the compass, the climatic identity of the point where their nest is and the point where they are released would leave undecided the direction wherein they are to travel.

To explain these many mysteries, therefore, we are driven to rely upon yet another mystery—that is to say, a special sense denied to mankind. Charles Darwin, whose weighty authority no one will gainsay, arrived at the same conclusion. He asked if the animal were not impressed by the terrestrial currents, if it were not influenced by the close proximity of a magnetic needle; and what is this but the recognition of a magnetic sense? Do we possess a similar faculty? I am speaking, of course, of the magnetism of the natural philosophers, and not of the magnetism of the Mesmers and Cagliostros. Certainly we possess nothing remotely like it. What need would the mariner have of a compass were he himself a compass?

And so the master admits: a special sense, so foreign

to our organism that we are not even able to form a conception of it, guides the pigeon, the swallow, the cat, the Mason-bee and a host of others, in strange country. Whether this sense be magnetic or no, I will not take upon myself to decide; I am content to have contributed in no small measure to proving its existence. A new sense added to our lot: what an acquisition, what a cause of progress! Why are we deprived of it? It would have been a fine weapon and of great service in the struggle for life. If, as is contended, the whole of the animal kingdom, including man, is derived from a single mould, the original cell, and becomes self-evolved in the course of time, favouring the best-endowed and leaving the less fortunate to perish, how comes it that this wonderful sense is the portion of a humble few and that it has left no trace in man? Does not the fact that it has not been handed down to us point to a flaw in the pedigree? I submit the little problem to the evolutionists.

Is this unknown sense localised in a particular part of the Hymenopteron?* Is it exercised by means of a special organ? We immediately think of the antennæ. The antennæ are what we always fall back upon when the insect's actions are not quite clear to us; we gladly concede to them whatever our case most needs. For that matter, I had a sufficiency of fairly good reasons for suspecting them of containing the sense of direction. When *Ammophila hirsuta*† is searching for the Grey Worm, it is with her antennæ, those tiny fingers continually fumbling the soil, that she seems to recognise the presence of the underground prey. Could not these inquisitive filaments, which seem to guide the creature when hunting, also guide it when travelling? This had to be seen to; and I saw to it.

I take some Mason-bees and amputate their antennæ with the scissors, as closely as I can. The maimed ones are carried to a distance and then released. They return to the nest with as little difficulty as the others. I once experimented in the same way with the largest of our

* The Hymenoptera are the order of insects which includes Ants, Bees and Wasps.—*Translator's Note.*

† The *Ammophila hirsuta*, or Hairy Sand-wasp, is a Digger-wasp who feeds her larvæ on the Grey Worm, the grub or caterpillar of the Turnip-moth.—*Translator's Note.*

Cerceres* (*Cerceris tuberculata*); and the Weevil-huntress returned to her galleries. This rids us of one hypothesis: the sense of direction is not exercised by the antennæ. Then where is its seat? I do not know.

What I do know is that the Mason-bees minus antennæ, though they go back to their cells, do not resume work. They fly obstinately in front of their masonries, they alight on the clay cup, they perch on the rim of the cell and there, as it were, pensive and forlorn, stand long contemplating the work which will never be finished; they go off, they come back, they drive away any importunate neighbour, but they fetch and carry no more honey or mortar. The next day they do not appear. Deprived of her tools, the worker loses all heart in her task. When the Mason-bee is building, the antennæ are constantly feeling, fumbling, exploring, seem to supervise the perfection of the work. They are her instruments of precision; they represent the builder's compasses, square, level and plumb-line.

Hitherto my experiments have been confined to the females, who are much more faithful to the nest because of the duties of motherhood. What would the males do if they were taken from home? I have no great confidence in those swains, who, for a few days, form a tumultuous throng outside the nests, wait for the females to emerge, quarrel for their possession amid endless brawls and then disappear when the works are in full swing. What care they, I asked myself, about returning to the natal nest rather than settling elsewhere, provided they find those to whom to declare their flame? I was mistaken: the males do return to the nest. It is true that, in view of their weakness, I did not subject them to a long journey: about half a mile or so. Nevertheless, this represented to them a distant expedition, an unknown country; for I do not see them go on long excursions. By day they visit the nests or the flowers in the garden; at night they take refuge in the old galleries or in the crevices of the stone-heaps in the *harmas*.†

Shall I generalise without reserve and allow all the

* The Cerceris is another Digger-wasp, who catches and paralyses Weevils as food for her larvæ.—*Translator's Note.*

† Provençal for the bit of waste ground on which the author studies his insects in the natural state.—*Translator's Note.*

Hymenoptera this faculty of finding their way in unknown country? I shall do nothing of the kind; for here, to my knowledge, is a contradictory and very significant result. Among the treasures of my *harmas* laboratory I place in the first rank an ant-hill of *Polyergus rufescens*, the celebrated Red Ant, the slave-hunting Amazon. Unable to rear her own family, incapable of seeking her food, of taking it even when it is within her reach, she needs servants who feed her and undertake the duties of house-keeping. The Red Ants make a practice of stealing children to wait on the community. They ransack the neighbouring Ant-hills, containing a different species; they carry home the pupæ, which soon attain maturity in the strange house and become willing and industrious servants.

When the hot weather of June and July sets in, I often see the Amazons leave their barracks of an afternoon and start on an expedition. The column measures five or six yards in length. If nothing worthy of attention be met upon the road, the ranks are fairly well-maintained; but at the first hint of an Ant-hill, the head of the column halts and deploys in a swarming throng, which is increased by the others coming up hurriedly. Scouts are detached, a mistake is recognised and the march resumed. The cohort crosses the garden-paths, disappears from sight in the grass, reappears farther away, threads its way through the heaps of dead leaves, comes out again and continues to seek at random. At last a nest of Black Ants is discovered. The Red Ants hasten down to the dormitories, where the pupæ lie, and soon come up with their booty. Then we have, at the gates of the underground city, a bewildering scrimmage between the blacks defending their own and the reds striving to carry it away. The struggle is too unequal to remain indecisive. Victory falls to the reds, who race back to their abode, each with her capture, a pupa, in her mandibles. The reader who is not acquainted with these slave-raiding habits would be greatly interested in the story of the Amazons. I relinquish it with much regret: it would take us too far from the subject in hand, namely, the return to the nest.

The distance covered by the marauding column varies and depends upon the greater or lesser abundance of Black Ants in the neighbourhood. At times, ten or twenty yards

suffice; at others it requires fifty, a hundred, or more. I once saw the expedition go beyond the garden. The Amazons scaled the surrounding wall, which was thirteen feet high at that point, climbed over it and went on a little farther into a cornfield. As for the route taken, this is a matter of indifference to the marching column. Bare soil, thick grass, accumulations of dead leaves, stone-heaps, masonry, clusters of herbage are crossed without marked preference for one sort of road rather than another.

What is very strictly determined is the homeward path, which follows the outward trail in all its windings and all its passes, however difficult. Laden with their booty, the Red Ants return to the nest by the same and often exceedingly complicated road which the accidents of the chase compelled them to take originally. They repass each spot which they passed at first; and this is to them a matter of such imperative necessity that no additional fatigue nor even the gravest danger can make them alter the track.

Let me suppose that they have crossed a thick heap of dead leaves, representing to them a pass full of yawning gulfs, where falls are repeated at every moment, where many exhaust themselves in the effort of climbing out of the hollows, reaching the heights by means of swaying bridges and at last emerging from the labyrinth of lanes. No matter: on their return they will not fail, though weighed down with their burden, once more to struggle through the trying maze. To avoid this great fatigue, all that they would have to do is to swerve slightly from the original path, for the good, smooth road is there, hardly a step away. This little divergence never occurs to them.

I came upon them one day on a raid, filing along the inner stonework of the garden-pond. The wind was blowing hard from the north and, taking the column in flank, sent whole ranks flying into the water. The goldfish hurried up, remained looking on and gulped down such as were drowned. It was a difficult stage; and the column was decimated before it had passed it. I expected to see the return journey made by another road, which would wind round and avoid the fatal precipice. Not a bit of it. The pupa-laden band resumed the parlous path; and the goldfish received a double fall of manna: the Ants and their

capture. Rather than alter its track, the column was decimated for the second time.

The difficulty of finding their way home from a distant expedition, full of erratic turns which rarely coincide in the various sorties, enforces on the Amazons this retreat along the path taken in going. The insect has no choice of route, if it would not be lost on the road: it must come home by the track which it knows and which it has lately travelled. The caterpillars known as the Processionaries, when they leave their nest and go to another branch, to another tree, in search of a type of leaf more to their taste, carpet the course with silk and are able to return home by following the threads stretched along their road. This is the most elementary method open to the insect liable to stray on its excursions: a silken path brings it home again. The Processionaries, with their ingenuous Commission of Public Ways, are very different from the Mason-bees and others, who have a special sense to guide them.

The Amazon, though belonging to the Hymenopteron clan, herself possesses rather limited means of homing, as witness her compulsory return by her former trail. Can she imitate, to a certain extent, the Processionaries' method, that is to say, does she leave along the road traversed not a series of conducting threads, for she is not equipped for that work, but some odorous emanation, for instance, some scent, which would allow her to guide herself by means of the olfactory sense? This view is pretty generally accepted. The Ants, so people say, are guided by the sense of smell; and this sense of smell appears to have its seat in the antennæ, which we see in continual palpitation. I will venture to hesitate before accepting this opinion. In the first place, I am doubtful of a sense of smell that has its seat in the antennæ; and, next, I hope to prove by experiment that the Red Ants are not guided by a scent.

To lie in wait for my Amazons for whole afternoons at a sitting, often unsuccessfully, implied a waste of my time. I engaged an assistant whose leisure exceeded mine. It was my granddaughter Lucie, an arch little thing who was interested in what I used to tell her about the Ants. She had been present at the great battle between the reds and blacks and was much impressed by the rape of the pupæ, those babes in swaddling-clothes. Well-coached in her

exalted functions, very proud of already, while still so small, working for that great lady, Science, Lucie would wander about the garden when the weather seemed propitious and keep an eye on the Red Ants, having it as her mission carefully to reconnoitre the road to the plundered Ant-hill. She had given proof of her zeal; I could rely upon it.

One day, while I was spinning out my daily quota of prose, there came a banging at my study-door:

"It's I, Lucie! Come quick: the reds have gone into the blacks' house. Come quick!"

"Do you know the road they took?"

"Yes, I marked it."

"What! Marked it? How?"

"I did what Hop-o'-my-Thumb did: I scattered little white stones along the road."

I hastened out. Things had happened as my six-year-old colleague said. Lucie had secured her provision of pebbles in advance and, on seeing the regiment of Ants leave barracks, had followed them step by step and placed her stones at intervals along the distance covered. The Amazons were beginning to return from their raid along the line of pebbly landmarks. The distance to the nest was about a hundred paces, which gave me time to act in view of an experiment which I had devised at my leisure.

I take a big broom and sweep the track to a width of about a yard. The dusty particles on the surface are thus removed and replaced by others. If they were tainted with any odorous effluvia, their absence will throw the Ants off the track. I cut the road in this way at four different points, with intervals of a few paces.

The column arrives at the first cut. The hesitation of the Ants is evident. Some recede and then return, only to recede once more; others wander along the front of the section; others disperse sideways and seem to be trying to skirt the unknown country. The head of the column, at first closed up to a width of a foot or so, now scatters to three or four yards. But fresh arrivals gather in their numbers before the obstacle; they form a compact mass, an undecided horde. At last, a few Ants venture into the swept zone and others follow, while a few have meantime gone ahead and recovered the track by a circuitous road. At the other cuts, the same stops, the same hesitations;

nevertheless, they are crossed, either direct or by going round. In spite of my snares, the return to the nest is effected, and that by way of the little stones.

The experiment seems to argue in favour of the sense of smell. Four times over there are manifest hesitations wherever the road is cut. Though the return take place, nevertheless, along the original track, this may be due to the uneven work of the broom, which has left certain particles of the scented dust in position. The Ants who went round the cleared portion may have been guided by the sweepings removed to either side. Before, therefore, pronouncing judgment for or against the sense of smell, it were well to renew the experiment under better conditions and to remove any scent-matter absolutely.

A few days later, when I have definitely decided on my plan, Lucie resumes her watch and soon comes to tell me of a sortie. I had reckoned on this, for the Amazons rarely fail to go on expeditions in the hot and sultry afternoons of June and July, especially when the weather threatens storm. Hop-o'-my-Thumb's pebbles once more mark out the road, on which I choose the point best suited to my schemes.

A garden-hose is fixed to one of the feeders of the pond; the sluice is opened; and the Ants' path is cut by a continuous torrent, a good pace wide and of unlimited length. The sheet of water flows swiftly and plentifully at first, so as to wash the ground well and remove anything that may possess a scent. This thorough washing lasts for nearly a quarter of an hour. Then, when the Ants draw near, returning from the plunder, I decrease the speed of the flow and reduce the depth of the puddle, so as not to overstrain the insects' strength. This is the obstacle which the Amazons must overcome, if it be absolutely necessary for them to follow the first trail.

This time the hesitation lasts long and the stragglers have time to come up with the head of the column. Nevertheless, an attempt is made to cross the torrent by means of a few bits of gravel projecting above the water; then, failing to find bottom, the rasher members are swept off their feet and, without letting go their captures, drift away, land on some shoal, regain the bank and renew their search for a ford. A few straws borne on the waters stop and

become so many shaky bridges whereon the Ants climb. Dry olive-leaves are converted into rafts, each with its load of passengers. The more venturesome, partly by their own efforts, partly by good luck, reach the opposite bank without adventitious aid. I see some who, dragged by the current to one or the other bank, at two or three paces' distance, seem very much concerned as to what they shall do next. Amid this disorder of the routed army, amid the dangers of drowning, not one lets go her booty. She would not dream of doing so: death sooner than that! In a word, the torrent is crossed in one fashion or another along the regular track.

The scent of the road cannot be the cause of this, methinks, after the experiment of the torrent, which washed the ground some time beforehand and which, moreover, renews its waters as long as the crossing lasts. Let us now see what will happen when the formic scent, if there really be one on the trail, is replaced by another, incomparably stronger and perceptible to our own sense of smell, whereas the first is not, at least not in the conditions which I am here discussing.

I wait for a third sortie and, at a point of the road pursued, rub the ground with some handfuls of mint which I have freshly cut from a border. I cover the track, a little farther on, with the leaves of the same plant. The Ants, on their return, cross the rubbed section without apparently giving it a thought; they hesitate in front of the section heaped up with leaves and then go straight on.

After these two experiments—that of the torrent which washes the earth and that of the mint which changes the smell of the ground—I think that we are no longer at liberty to quote scent as the guide of the ants returning to the nest by the road which they took at starting. Some further tests will tell us more about it.

Without interfering with the soil, I now lay across the track some large sheets of paper, newspapers, keeping them in position with a few small stones. In front of this carpet, which completely alters the appearance of the road, without removing any sort of scent that it may possess, the Ants hesitate even longer than before any of my other snares, including the torrent. They are compelled to make manifold attempts, reconnaissances to right and left, for-

ward movements and repeated retirements, before venturing fully into the unknown zone. The papered width is at last crossed and the march resumed as usual.

Another ambush awaits the Amazons some distance farther. I have cut off the track with a thin layer of yellow sand, the ground itself being grey. This change of colour alone is enough for a moment to disconcert the Ants, who here renew, though not at the same length, the hesitations which they showed before the belt of paper. Eventually this obstacle is overcome like the others.

As my strip of sand and my width of paper did not dispel any scented effluvia wherein the track may have been steeped, it is patent that, since the same hesitations and stops are reproduced, the Ants find their way not by sense of smell, but really and truly by sense of sight; for every time that I alter the appearance of the track in any way whatever—by the sweeping of the broom, the flow of the water, the green of the mint, the drugget of the paper, the yellow of the sand—the returning column calls a halt, hesitates and attempts to account for the changes that have taken place. Yes, it is sight, but a very purblind sight, whose horizon is changed by the shifting of a few bits of gravel. To this short sight, a strip of paper, a bed of mint-leaves, a layer of yellow sand, a stream of water, a sweep of the broom and even lesser modifications are enough to transform the landscape; and the regiment, eager to reach home as fast as it can with its booty, stops anxiously before those unknown parts. When the doubtful zones are at length passed, it is due to the fact that constant attempts are made to cross the altered belts and that a few Ants end by recognising familiar spots beyond them. The others, relying on their clear-sighted sisters, follow.

Sight were not enough, if the Amazon had not also at her service a correct memory for places. The memory of an Ant! What can that be? In what does it resemble ours? I have no answer to make to these questions; but a few lines will enable me to prove that the insect has a very exact and persistent recollection of places which it has once visited. Here is something which I have often witnessed. It sometimes happens that the plundered Ant-hill offers the Amazons a richer spoil than the expeditionary column is able to carry away with it. Or, again, the

region visited is rich in Ant-hills. Another raid is necessary, to work the site thoroughly. In such cases a second expedition takes place, sometimes on the next day, sometimes two or three days later. This time the column no longer searches on the road: it goes straight to the spot and travels by the identical path which it followed before. It has happened to me to mark with small stones, for a distance of twenty yards, the road pursued a couple of days earlier and to find the Amazons proceeding by the same route, stone by stone:

"They will go this way, they will go that way," I said, according to the position of the guide-stones.

And they would, in fact, go this way and that, skirting my line of pebbles without any notable deviation.

Is it possible to accept the persistence, after an interval of several days, of odoriferous emanations scattered along the course? No one would dare to do so. It must, therefore, be sight that guides the Amazons, sight assisted by the memory for places. And this memory is tenacious enough to retain the impressions until the next day and later; it is scrupulously faithful, for it leads the column by the same path as on the day before, across the varied irregularities of the ground.

How will the Amazon behave when the locality is unknown to her? Apart from topographical memory, which cannot serve her here, the region in which I imagine her being still unexplored, does the Ant possess the sense of direction of the Mason-bee, at least within modest limits, and is she able thus to regain her Ant-hill or her marching column?

The different parts of the garden are not all visited by the marauding legions to the same extent: the north side is exploited by preference, doubtless because the forays in that direction are more productive. The Amazons, therefore, generally direct their troops north of their barracks; I very seldom perceive them in the south. The southern part of the garden, therefore, is, if not wholly unknown to them, at least much less familiar than the other. Having said this, let us observe the conduct of the strayed Ant.

I take up my position near the Ant-hill; and, when the column returns from the slave-raid, I force an Ant to step on a leaf which I hold out to her. Without touching her,

I carry her two or three paces away from her regiment: no more than that, but in a southerly direction. It is enough to put her astray, to make her lose her bearings entirely. I see the Amazon, now replaced on the ground, wander about at random, still, I need hardly say, with her booty in her mandibles; I see her hurry away from her comrades, thinking that she is rejoining them; I see her retrace her steps, turn aside again, try to the right, try to the left, and grope in a host of directions without succeeding in finding her whereabouts. The combative, strong-jawed slave-hunter is quite lost at two steps' distance from her party. I have in memory some of those strays who, after half an hour's searching, had not succeeded in recovering the route and were going farther and farther from it, still carrying the pupa in their teeth. What became of them? What did they do with their spoil? I had not the patience to follow these dull-witted marauders to the end.

Let us repeat the experiment, but place the Amazon to the north. After more or less lengthy hesitations, after a search now in this direction, now in that, the Ant succeeds in finding her column. She knows the locality.

Here, of a surety, is a Hymenopteron deprived of that sense of direction which other Hymenoptera enjoy. She has in her favour a memory for places and nothing more. A deviation amounting to two or three of our strides is enough to make her lose her way and to keep her from returning to her people, whereas miles across unknown country will not foil the Mason-bee. I expressed my surprise just now that man was deprived of a wonderful sense wherewith certain animals are endowed. The enormous distance between the two terms of the comparison might furnish matter for discussion. In the present case the distance no longer exists: we have to do with two insects very near akin, both of them Hymenoptera. Why, if they issue from the same mould, has one a sense which the other has not, an additional sense, constituting a much more overpowering factor than the structural details? I will wait until the evolutionists condescend to give me a valid reason.

To return to this memory for places, whose tenacity and fidelity I have just recognised: to what degree does it consent to retain impressions? Does the Amazon require

repeated journeys to learn her geography, or is a single expedition enough for her? Are the line followed and the places visited engraved on the memory from the first? The Red Ant does not lend herself to the tests that might furnish the reply: the experimenter is unable to decide whether the path followed by the expeditionary column is being covered for the first time, nor is it in his power to compel the legion to adopt this or that different road. When the Amazons go out to plunder the Ant-hills, they take the direction which they please; and their march will not accept our interference. Let us turn to other Hymenoptera for information.

I select a Solitary Wasp known as the Pompilus. She hunts Spiders and digs herself a burrow. The game, the food of the coming larva, is first caught and paralysed; the home is delved afterwards. As the heavy prey would be a grave encumbrance to the Wasp in search of a suitable site, the Spider is placed high up, on a tuft of grass or brushwood, out of reach of marauders, especially Ants, who might damage the precious morsel in the lawful owner's absence. After fixing her booty on the verdant pinnacle, the Pompilus casts around for a favourable spot and digs her burrow. During the process of excavation she returns from time to time to her Spider, nibbles at her a little, touches her here and there, as though to congratulate herself on the plentiful provender; then she returns to her burrow and goes on digging. Should anything alarm or distress her, she does not confine herself to inspecting her Spider: she also brings her a little closer to her work-yard, but never fails to lay her on the top of a tuft of verdure. These are the manœuvres of which I can avail myself to gauge the flexibility of the Wasp's memory.

While the Pompilus is at work upon the burrow, I seize the prey and place it in an exposed spot, half a yard away from its original position. The Pompilus soon leaves the hole to look after her booty and goes straight to the spot where she left it. This sureness of direction, this fidelity in the memory for places, can be explained by repeated previous visits; I know nothing of what has happened beforehand. Let us take no notice of this first expedition; the others will be more conclusive. For the moment, the Pompilus, without the least hesitation, finds the tuft of

grass whereon her prey was lying. Then come marches and counter-marches upon that tuft, minute explorations and frequent returns to the exact spot where the Spider was deposited. At last, convinced that the prize is no longer there, the Wasp makes a leisurely survey of the neighbourhood, feeling the ground with her antennæ. The Spider is descried in the exposed spot where I had placed her. Surprise on the part of the Pompilus, who goes forward and then suddenly steps back, with a start:

"Is it alive?" she seems to ask. "Is it dead? Is it really my bit of game? Let us be wary!"

The hesitation does not last long; the huntress grabs the Spider, drags her backwards and places her on a second tuft of herbage two or three paces distant from the first. She then goes back to the burrow and digs for a while. For the second time, I remove the Spider and lay her at some distance on the bare ground. This is the moment to judge of the Wasp's memory. Two tufts of grass have served as temporary resting-places for the game. The first, to which she returned with such precision, the insect may have learnt to know by a more or less thorough examination, by reiterated visits that escaped my eye; but the second has certainly made only a slight impression on her memory. She adopted it without studied choice; she stopped there just long enough to hoist her Spider to the top; she saw it for the first time, and saw it hurriedly, in passing. Is that rapid glance enough to provide an exact recollection? Besides, there are now two localities to be muddled in the insect's memory: the first resting-place may easily be confused with the second. Where will the Pompilus go?

We shall soon find out: here she comes, leaving the burrow to pay a fresh visit to the Spider. She runs straight to the second tuft, where she long hunts for her absent prey. She well knows that, when last seen, it was there and nowhere else; she persists in looking for it there and does not once think of going back to the original place. The first tuft of grass no longer counts; the second alone interests her. And then the search in the neighbourhood begins again.

After finding her game on the denuded spot where I myself had placed it, the Pompilus quickly deposits the

Spider on a third tuft of grass; and the experiment is renewed. This time the Pompilus hurries to the third tuft when she comes to look after her Spider; she hurries to it without hesitation, without confusing it in any way with either of the first two, which she scorns to visit, so sure is her memory. I act in the same fashion a couple of times more, and the insect always returns to the last place without troubling about the others. I stand amazed at the memory of that pigwidgeon. She need but catch a single hurried glimpse of a spot that differs in no wise from a host of others in order to remember it quite well, notwithstanding the fact that, as a miner relentlessly pursuing her underground labours, she has other matters to occupy her mind. Could our own memory always vie with hers? It is very doubtful. Allow the Red Ant a similar power of memory; and her peregrinations, her returns to the nest by the same road, are no longer difficult to explain.

Tests of this kind have furnished me with one other result worthy of mention. When convinced, by untiring explorations, that the Spider is no longer on the tuft where she laid her, the Pompilus, as we were saying, looks for her in the neighbourhood and finds her pretty easily, for I am careful myself to put her in an exposed place. Let us increase the difficulty somewhat. I dig the tip of my finger into the ground and lay the Spider in the little hole thus obtained, covering her with a tiny leaf. The Wasp, in quest of her lost prey, will walk over this leaf and pass it again and again, without suspecting that the Spider lies beneath, for she goes and continues her vain search farther off. Her guide, therefore, is not scent, but sight. Nevertheless, she is constantly feeling the ground with her antennæ. What can be the function of these organs? I do not know, although I assert that they are not olfactory organs, for I look upon this experiment as decisive.

I may add that the Pompilus has very short sight; often she passes at a couple of inches from her Spider without seeing her.

The Veils of Isis

By Frank Harris

TOWARDS the end of the second dynasty a youth whom his father and mother had named Amanthes came to manhood near the village of Assouan, on the Nile. From childhood on he had been self-willed and passionate beyond the ordinary, and, growing in boldness and intelligence, he took the lead of the other young men. Because of his superiority his father and mother, though poor cultivators, were minded to devote him to the priesthood. As the young man was nothing loth, they took him one day to the Temple of Osiris. The Chief Priest received them with kindness, for the youth's promise had been noised abroad, and he spoke to them warmly in favour of the God whom he worshipped and his divine mission: he told them how Osiris had come down from Heaven for the sake of men, and had suffered Death for them through the powers of Darkness. With tears in his eyes he spoke of the resurrection of the God, and how at the last He should judge the dead.

Scarcely had he finished when Amanthes cried:

"Why didn't Osiris conquer the Darkness? Can a God be defeated?" and other such things.

And when his father and mother, terrified by his boldness, tried to restrain him—for the Chief Priest held up his hands in deprecation—Amanthes went on stoutly:

"I can't adore a God who accepts defeat; and I don't fear judge or judgment. I want to worship Isis, the woman-goddess, the giver of life; for her creed of joy and hope and love must endure as long as the earth endures and the sun gives light."

The Chief Priest pointed out that the temples to Osiris were larger and more important than any other, and the service of the God was nobler and more highly rewarded; but Amanthes would not be persuaded, insisting that the only divinity he could worship was Isis, to whose service

he was willing to devote himself night and day with all his heart.

Impressed by his earnestness and devotion, the Chief Priest at length decided that it might be as well if Amanthes went down the river to Memphis to the great Temple of Isis, and as the young man took fire at the suggestion, he offered to give him letters to the High Priest which would insure his being admitted to the temple, and he excused himself to his colleagues for this weakness by saying that he had never met so eloquent a youth or so sincere a calling. Amanthes, he said, seemed careless about everything else, but the moment the name of Isis was mentioned his eyes glowed, his face became intense, and it really looked as if the youth were inspired.

Ten days later Amanthes journeyed down the river to Memphis and presented himself before the authorities of the Temple of Isis. But here his passion carried little persuasion, and at first it seemed as if his desire would be thwarted. The High Priest read the letter of his colleague, and, after one glance at Amanthes, proposed to engage him as a servitor in the Temple, but thought it right at the same time to warn him that only the best and noblest were selected to wait on the Goddess herself, and that before one could hope to enter her immediate Presence one must have spent half a lifetime in the Temple.

"It took me," he said, "nearly five years to learn the routine of the Service."

Amanthes listened with wide eyes, and bowed in silence to the High Priest's decision, but from the very day he entered the Temple he set himself to learn everything about the Goddess and all the ceremonies, and devoted himself with such passion to whatever was given to him to do that he became a marked man among the younger priests.

Though he held himself aloof from all his comrades, he was not much disliked by them; for whenever his father and mother sent him presents of dates or dainties, he shared them out among the others, contenting himself always with the simple sustenance provided in the Temple.

To his father and mother he wrote but once, telling them to look upon him as dead, for he had given himself to the service of the Goddess with heart and life, and for him there was no looking back.

A few months after his admission Amanthes took a chance opportunity and begged the High Priest to enrol him among the immediate servants of the Goddess.

"I know all the forms and ceremonies by heart," he said, "and am eager now to learn the will of the Goddess herself."

The High Priest was greatly astonished; but though he found on examining him that the young man was indeed a master of all the Services, he would not grant his request.

"You still have much to learn," he said, "before you can hope for such honour, and the next step is difficult." And on that he took Amanthes to the library of the Temple and showed him a room filled with great rolls of papyrus, and priests studying them.

"They are all at work," he explained, "interpreting the divine oracles."

"But where are the sayings of the Goddess?" cried Amanthes, as if nothing else mattered.

"Here," said the High Priest, turning over one small yellow roll, "here are the sacred words of the Divine One, which have been commented upon by wise men for thousands of years, and before we can believe that anyone is worthy to enter the shrine of the Goddess, he must first show his fitness by interpreting her oracles, or correcting some of the commentators who have gone before."

"Let me first see the Goddess and learn her will," cried the young man; "when I know her I shall be able to interpret her sayings."

"Presumption!" cried the High Priest. "Mortals can only get glimpses of the Divine, and can never know the Divine Will completely, any more than they can see the Goddess unveiled."

All the young man's pleading was met with a steady refusal: it was unheard of that any priest should be admitted to the Shrine of the Deity before he had passed at least ten years in the Temple.

"I myself," cried the High Priest at length, "knew all the oracles and had written two great books upon them before I was admitted in my twelfth year of service, and even then I only served at the door, and never entered

the Shrine but with eyes bound so that I might not look upon the naked beauty of the Goddess."

Amanthes pleaded with him as one pleads for life; but still the High Priest remained obdurate.

"There are the oracles," he said, pointing to the books. "Distinguish yourself, and I will shorten the time of your probation as much as I dare or as custom will allow."

Amanthes once more bowed his head and took his place among the students.

In the seventh month of the same year Amanthes interpreted a saying of the Goddess with such freedom that all the readers cried against him, and brought him before the High Priest to answer for his insolence. Amanthes defended himself with much boldness and many good reasons, till the High Priest cried:

"You read the oracles as if the Goddess were a woman and nothing more, and that is blasphemy."

"How else can they be read?" retorted Amanthes. "If she is not a woman, one can never understand her; and if she is more than a woman, we men can only get to the divine through the human."

The High Priest himself was shaken, and hesitated to decide, for in the course of the argument he had found that the young man had read the sacred Roll from beginning to end, and knew every word of the Goddess by heart.

"How did you learn it," he could not help asking, "in so short a time?"

Amanthes only looked at him, smiling by way of answer, and again begged the Chief Priest to admit him now to the service of the Goddess, for he had assuredly proved himself and been patient. "There was nothing to gain by waiting."

But immemorial custom was against him, and the High Priest resented his insistence.

"You are too daring," he said at length. "It may be well to use boldness to a woman, but to a Goddess you must show reverence."

"No, no," cried Amanthes; "reverence to the woman who doesn't expect it and will be won by it; and boldness to the Goddess."

"Blasphemy!" cried the High Priest. "You are on a dangerous way, and I must not encourage you"; and,

motioning to the great bronze door behind them, he added: "Go on diligently as you have begun, and it will be open to you perhaps after five years."

"Five years!" cried Amanthes. "Five years of my life and youth lost: five years!"

"That door has never opened in less," replied the High Priest, solemnly; but as he spoke Amanthes gripped his arm, crying:

"Look, look!" and when the High Priest turned, the door to the Shrine stood open.

"Strange!" exclaimed the old man, "it must be some accident: I will shut it," and he seized the handle, but the door would not be closed; and as he stood there, all shaken and hesitating, Amanthes, with eyes aflame, cried out:

"See, Isis herself! Isis, the Beloved, has answered my prayer!" and he moved as if to enter the sacred place, but the High Priest withheld him, warning:

"If you enter without reverence and bound eyes, you will die on the threshold."

Amanthes laughed aloud, and strode past him into the Shrine, and as the High Priest held up his hands in fear and horror, the bronze door drew to of itself and closed between them silently.

. . . . . .

From this time on Amanthes was constantly in the Shrine of the Goddess. Indeed, he scarcely gave himself time to eat or sleep, and everyone remarked how thin he grew and haggard with the constant service. And when after some months the High Priest warned him that his health would break down, and told him that he must not forget the chief thing was the interpretation of the oracles, Amanthes answered impatiently:

"I know nothing yet; the Goddess vouchsafes no answer to my entreaties. How can one interpret without knowledge?"

Now there was a tradition that in the first dynasty a young priest had been consumed in the service of Isis, and had wasted away before the Goddess, till one day he was translated into a tongue of flame and disappeared in a moment; and it crossed the High Priest's mind that Amanthes was on the same road and likely to meet the

same fate, and he desisted from admonishing him lest he should make bad worse. He drew away from the young man, fearing he knew not what, till strange tales came to him from the other priests that set all the Temple murmuring.

It was put about that at night Amanthes used to speak to the Goddess as if she were a woman, and touch her statue as if the limbs were flesh. He had been overheard entreating her as a lover entreats his mistress, telling over her beauties with admiration, and begging her to lift the veil that prevented him enjoying her divine loveliness. When all the priests were muttering, and wondering how the impious boldness would be punished, one came to them with ashen face and a stranger tale.

"The Goddess has answered Amanthes!" he gasped. "Isis asked him why he wanted the veil lifted, and he stretched forth his arms and cried: 'For love's sake,' and as he spoke the Goddess trembled, and I fled, for indeed the sacred veil had begun to fall away——"

The priests wouldn't credit the tidings. But when Amanthes came forth from the Shrine some believed, for he was as one transfigured. He spoke to no man, but went straight to his cell, and from this time on he was continually heard praising the Goddess in song and glorifying her Service.

A little later Amanthes went to the High Priest and asked to be allowed to write an interpretation of the sacred Message, and his interpretation was so bold at once and simple that the High Priest was amazed by it and frightened, and asked him how he dared to treat the divine words so boldly, and the young man answered quietly now and in all sincerity:

"Love is my guide," he said, "and the boldness of love is reverent."

The High Priest bowed his head, for in spite of himself he was moved by the young man's tone and unaccustomed humbleness. And when the servitors came to the High Priest and demanded that Amanthes should be punished for insolent boldness, he shook his head and rebuked them impatiently. And when they persisted, declaring that the worship of Amanthes for the Goddess was an outrage and insult to her, he answered simply:

"The Goddess can protect herself."

It was evident to all that he did not believe the slanders. And, indeed, such portions of the interpretation of Amanthes as the High Priest thought fit to publish were so astonishingly simple and convincing that they won many to admiration, and his fame was noised abroad through all the land of Egypt, and people came from afar to hear his words and to listen to his rendering of the divine speech.

And his humility now was as evident as his boldness had been aforetime.

"I know nothing," he used to say; "I am a reed through which the Goddess speaks: of myself I am nothing."

His modesty impressed the people more than any assurance would have done, and when he served Isis in public the great Temple was thronged and all the people stirred by the fervour of his speech. For he was not satisfied to speak of Isis as a Goddess, but exalted her above all other Gods as Queen of Heaven, declaring that only by worshipping her could a man come to wisdom. "She alone is love," he used to say, "and love is the key to all knowledge and the conqueror of all hearts"; and for her sake he spoke of all women with reverence as nearer the Divine than men, "having loved and suffered more," he argued, "they are more sacred"; and this strange doctrine filled the Temple with women, who praised Amanthes to his face and brought rare gifts to the Shrine.

But Amanthes heeded none of them, for he was all dedicate to Isis herself; and when at the end of the Service he knelt before her image to invoke the benediction, he prayed with such passion that everyone was moved and astonished, and the worship of the Goddess, the Giver of Life and Love, spread on all sides and grew mightily. . . .

The success of Amanthes made many of the priests envious, and sharpened the jealousy of those who had been against him from the first. And of these one of the chief was that servitor who had already spied upon him and reported his entreaties of the Goddess to the High Priest. This man had been the most learned of the commentators before Amanthes appeared. He knew not only the sayings of the Goddess, as Amanthes did, but also all the com-

ments that had been made on them and all the interpretations for a thousand years—a library of dead men's words. He had been supplanted by the coming of Amanthes, and now lived for nothing but his undoing. One day he came to the High Priest with a mysterious air and a slander which he would not tell, and when the High Priest pressed him to say what it was, he withstood him:

"I will not repeat what I have heard," he said, "nor soil my lips with the blasphemy. Come and hear for yourself."

And when the High Priest refused to come, for he was very old and timid, the slanderer insisted:

"You will see him," he said, "at his foul work; and you will see Her, too, and must judge whether such things are permitted."

He spoke with such horror, and hinted at such practices, that the High Priest at length consented to go to his cell with him and spy upon Amanthes; for his cell joined the Shrine itself, and was only separated from it by one wall. And he showed the High Priest that when his cell was darkened they could see everything that went on at the Shrine of the Goddess between two layers of the stone and hear every word as distinctly as if they had been within the sacred precinct.

And while the High Priest and servitor were listening, Amanthes entered the Shrine and stood before the Goddess. And they saw that he had come as from the bath, for his neck shone and his linen had been bleached by the Nile water. For some time he stood in dumb entreaty with hands outstretched, and the High Priest thought that the Goddess trembled before the dumb intensity of the appeal, and he turned his head aside, for he would not trust his eyes.

At length Amanthes spoke, and the High Priest could scarcely distinguish his voice; for it was a whisper like the whisper of the night air amid leaves.

"How long?" he gasped. "How long?"

And his arms fell as if in despair, and he sighed again heavily as one in pain. And suddenly he went over to the Goddess, and put his hands upon her hips; and the Chief Priest turned aside breathless, for he would not look, though the servitor, with sharp set eyes, nudged him. But

he heard Amanthes speaking, and as he spoke the High Priest turned again to the Shrine, and this was what he heard:

"How long am I to wait, oh Queen; how long? Before I knew you I adored you, and every favour you've accorded me has fed my passion. When you removed the first veil you showed me a new Isis, lovelier than my imagining, and I stood entranced; and every veil you have taken off since has revealed some new perfection hitherto undreamed. Am I, then, unworthy to have the last veil lifted—unworthy though consumed with longing?"

And as his hands touched the Goddess the High Priest saw that she trembled as if she had been flesh and blood, and his breath caught, for the Goddess spoke:

"If I refuse," said Isis, "it is for your sake, Amanthes," and her hand touched his hair.

And Amanthes cried aloud:

"To refuse one thing is to refuse all: love knows no denial. I would see you as you are, as the Gods see you face to face."

And the High Priest shuddered in fear, for the grave voice of the Goddess was heard again:

"No woman's soul can resist love: to-morrow it shall be as you desire."

And they saw Amanthes twine his arms round the Goddess and kiss her limbs, and with the last look the High Priest saw that he was prone before the Shrine with his lips pressed against the feet of the Deity.

And the High Priest, as he went, would not even speak with the servitor, for he was full of apprehension, and torn in many ways, partly by affection for Amanthes, partly by curiosity, and most of all for fear of what would happen on the morrow.

In the morning he gave orders that the servitor should be in close attendance upon himself, and that his cell, from which one could look into the Shrine, should be closed; and he ordained twenty-four hours of solemn fasting and prayer for all the priests, and decreed that the Temple should be closed to the public.

In the second hour, after the orders had been given, Amanthes came to him, and the High Priest hardly dared to look on him, for his face was as the

face of one who had communed with God and won his soul's desire.

But Amanthes stretched out his strong hands and caught the old man by the shoulders, and said in his rich voice:

"You have done what I would have ordered in your place. I thank you from my soul."

And the High Priest gasped:

"Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid!" he cried. "To-night is the night for which I was born," and as he turned and went, the High Priest saw his shining eyes, and felt frightened and a little envious.

. . . . . .

The morning after the great fast the High Priest went himself to the Shrine, with all his attendants robed and in order as to solemn service. And after the three prayers the bronze doors were opened; and there stretched before the Goddess was Amanthes, prone. And the moment the High Priest saw him he knew that the youth was dead, and when he looked up at the Goddess he saw that she was veiled as usual, and her hands were by her side.

All that he had seen and heard twenty-four hours before, and all that he had feared, were to him as a dream.

The body of Amanthes was already cold, and the priests knew that he must have died in the first hour of the night.

. . . . . .

An hour later they came together in solemn meeting and heard the story of the servitor.

And one of the older priests rose and said that surely the death held a warning for all.

"As soon as the mortal saw the Immortal, life ceased; for who can look upon the Godhead and live? Death is the punishment for such boldness."

And many of the priests agreed with this; but another priest objected:

"We mortals," he began, "have surely something of the divine in us, or we would not even wish to see the Gods as they are; nor perhaps be able to if they allowed us. But behind all the Gods, behind Isis and Osiris and Horus, there is a power greater than themselves, Fate,

which to mortals is Death. And this was shown to Amanthes, for when the last veil was lifted, instead of the Goddess he adored, he saw the death's head, and the image of death took him."

But another priest rose and said:

"Surely the result might have been expected. As veil after veil fell, Amanthes saw one incarnation after another of divine beauty, and his soul was ravished. But when the last veil was stripped off, Amanthes found that his divinity was in reality an ordinary woman, and his heart turned to water and his soul died."

And this interpretation seemed most reasonable to the majority of the priests.

But the people knew better, for when the story of the death of Amanthes was told outside the Temple, a woman cried:

"Surely the truth is plain! Having at length found a perfect lover, the Goddess took him with her to Amenti, the land beyond the Darkness."

The World Set Free

A Story of Mankind

By H. G. Wells

CHAPTER THE FOURTH

The New Phase

§ 7.

It is characteristic of the manner in which large enterprises forced themselves upon the Brissago council, that it was not until the end of the first year of their administration, and then only with extreme reluctance, that they would take up the manifest need for a *lingua franca* for the world. They seem to have given little attention to the various theoretical universal languages which were proposed to them. They wished to give as little trouble to hasty and simple people as possible, and the world-wide distribution of English gave them a bias for it from the beginning. The extreme simplicity of its grammar was also in its favour.

It was not without some sacrifices that the English-speaking peoples were permitted the satisfaction of hearing their speech used universally. The language was shorn of a number of grammatical peculiarities, the distinctive forms for the subjunctive mood for example, and most of its irregular plurals were abolished; its spelling was systematised and adapted to the vowel sounds in use upon the Continent of Europe, and a process of incorporating foreign nouns and verbs commenced that speedily reached enormous proportions. Within ten years from the establishment of the World Republic the New English Dictionary had swelled to include a vocabulary of 250,000 words, and a man of 1900 would have found considerable difficulty in reading an ordinary newspaper. On the other

hand, the men of the new time could still appreciate the older English literature. . . . Certain minor acts of uniformity accompanied this larger one. The idea of a common understanding and a general simplification of intercourse once it was accepted led very naturally to the universal establishment of the metric system of weights and measures, and to the disappearance of the various makeshift calendars that had hitherto confused chronology. The year was divided into thirteen months of four weeks each, and New Year's Day and Leap Year's Day were made holidays and did not count at all in the ordinary week. So the weeks and the months were brought into correspondence. And, moreover, as the king put it to Firmin, it was decided to "nail down Easter. . . ." In these matters, as in so many matters, the new civilisation came as a simplification of ancient complications; the history of the calendar throughout the world is a history of inadequate adjustments, of attempts to fix seedtime and midwinter that go back into the very beginning of human society; and this final rectification had a symbolic value quite beyond its practical convenience. But the council would have no rash nor harsh innovations, no strange names for the months and no alteration in the numbering of the years.

The world had already been put upon one universal monetary basis. For some months after the accession of the council the world's affairs had been carried on without any sound currency at all. Over great regions money was still in use, but with the most extravagant variations in price and the most disconcerting fluctuations of public confidence. The ancient rarity of gold upon which the entire system rested was gone. Gold was now a waste product in the release of atomic energy, and it was plain that no metal could be the basis of the monetary system again. Henceforth all coins must be token coins. Yet the whole world was accustomed to metallic money, and a vast proportion of existing human relationships had grown up upon a cash basis and were almost inconceivable without that convenient liquidating factor. It seemed absolutely necessary to the life of the social organisation to have some sort of currency, and the council had therefore to discover some real value upon which to rest it. Various such apparently

stable values as land and hours of work were considered. Ultimately the Government, which was now in possession of most of the supplies of energy-releasing material, fixed a certain number of units of energy as the value of a gold sovereign, declared a sovereign to be worth exactly twenty marks, twenty-five francs, five dollars, and so forth with the other current units of the world, and undertook, under various qualifications and conditions, to deliver energy upon demand as payment for every sovereign presented. On the whole this worked satisfactorily. They saved the face of the pound sterling. Coin was rehabilitated, and after a phase of price fluctuations began to settle down to definite equivalents and uses again, with names and every-day values familiar to the common run of people. . . .

§ 8.

As the Brissago council came to realise that what it had supposed to be temporary camps of refugees were rapidly developing into great towns of a new type and that it was remoulding the world in spite of itself, it decided to place this work of redistributing the non-agricultural population in the hands of a compacter and better qualified special committee. That committee is now, far more than the council or any other of its delegated committees, the active government of the world. Developed from an almost invisible germ of "town-planning" that came obscurely into existence in Europe or America (the question is still in dispute) somewhere in the closing decades of the nineteenth century, its work, the continual active planning and replanning of the world as a place of human habitation, is now, so to speak, the collective material activity of the race. The spontaneous, disorderly spreadings and recessions of populations, as aimless and mechanical as the trickling of spilt water, which was the substance of history for endless years, giving rise here to congestions, here to chronic devastating wars, and everywhere to a discomfort and disorderliness that was at its best only picturesque, is at an end. Men spread now, with the whole power of the race to aid them, into every available region of the earth. Their cities are no longer tethered to running water and

the proximity of cultivation, their plans are no longer affected by strategic considerations or thoughts of social insecurity. The aeroplane and the nearly costless mobile car have abolished trade routes, a common language and a universal law have abolished a thousand restraining inconveniences, and so an astonishing dispersal of habitations has begun. One may live anywhere. And so it is that our cities now are true social gatherings, each with a character of its own and distinctive interests of its own, and most of them with a common occupation. They lie out in the former deserts, those long-wasted sunbaths of the race, they tower amidst eternal snows, they hide in remote islands and bask on broad lagoons. For a time the whole tendency of mankind was to desert the river valleys in which the race had been cradled for half a million years, but now that the War against Flies has been waged so successfully that this pestilential branch of life is nearly extinct, they are returning thither with a renewed appetite for gardens laced by watercourses, and for pleasant living amidst islands and houseboats and bridges and nocturnal lanterns reflected on the sea.

Man, who is ceasing to be an agricultural animal, becomes more and more a builder, a traveller and a maker. How much he ceases to be a cultivator of the soil the returns of the Redistribution Committee showed. Every year the work of our scientific laboratories increases the productivity and simplifies the labour of those who work upon the soil, and the food now of the whole world is produced by less than one per cent. of its population, a percentage which still tends to decrease. Far fewer people are needed upon the land than training and proclivity dispose towards it, and as a consequence of this excess of human attention, the garden side of life, the creation of groves and lawns and vast regions of beautiful flowers, has expanded enormously and continues to expand. For as agricultural method intensifies and the quota is raised, one farm association after another, availing itself of the 1975 Regulations, elects to produce a public garden and pleasance in the place of its former fields, and the area of freedom and beauty is increased. And the chemists' triumphs of synthesis which could now give us an entirely artificial food remain largely in abeyance because it is so much more

pleasant and interesting to eat natural produce and to grow such things upon the soil. Each year adds to the variety of our fruits and the delightfulness of our flowers.

§ 9.

The early years of the World Republic witnessed a certain recrudescence of political adventure. There was, it is rather curious to note, no revival of separatism after the face of King Ferdinand Charles had vanished from the sight of men, but in a number of countries, as the first urgent physical needs were met, there appeared a variety of personalities having this in common that they sought to revive political trouble and clamber by its aid to positions of importance and satisfaction. In no case did they speak in the name of kings, and it is clear that monarchy must have been far gone in obsolescence before the twentieth century began, but they made appeals to the large survivals of nationalist and racial feeling that were everywhere to be found, they alleged with considerable justice that the council was over-riding racial and national customs and disregarding religious rules. The great plain of India was particularly prolific in such agitators. The revival of newspapers, which had largely ceased during the terrible year because of the dislocation of the coinage, gave a vehicle and a method of organisation to these complaints. At first the council disregarded this developing opposition, and then it recognised it with an entirely devastating frankness.

Never, of course, had there been so provisional a Government. It was of an extravagant illegality. It was indeed hardly more than a club, a club of about a hundred persons. At the outset there were ninety-three, and these were increased afterwards, by the issue of invitations which more than balanced its deaths, to as many at one time as one hundred and nineteen. Always its constitution has been miscellaneous. At no time were these invitations issued with an admission that they recognised a right. The old institution of monarchy had come out unexpectedly well in the light of the new *régime*. Nine of the original members of the first Government were crowned heads who had resigned their separate sovereignty,

and at no time afterwards did the number of its royal members sink below six. In their case there was perhaps a kind of attenuated claim to rule, but except for them and the still more infinitesimal pretensions of one or two ex-presidents of republics, no member of the council had even the shade of a right to his participation in its power. It was natural, therefore, that its opponents should find a common ground in a clamour for representative government, and build high hopes upon a return to parliamentary institutions.

The council decided to give them everything they wanted, but in a form that suited ill with their aspirations. It became at one stroke a representative body. It became, indeed, magnificently representative. It became so representative that the politicians were drowned in a deluge of votes. Every adult of either sex from pole to pole was given a vote, and the world was divided into ten constituencies, which voted on the same day by means of a simple modification of the world post. Membership of the Government, it was decided, must be for life, save in the exceptional case of a recall, but the elections, which were held quinquennially, were arranged to add fifty members on each occasion. The method of proportional representation with one transferable vote was adopted, and the voter might also write upon his voting paper in a specially marked space the name of any of his representatives that he wished to recall. A ruler was recallable by as many votes as the quota by which he had been elected, and the original members by as many votes in any constituency as the returning quotas in the first election.

Upon these conditions the council submitted itself very cheerfully to the suffrages of the world. None of its members were recalled, and its fifty new associates, which included twenty-seven which it had seen fit to recommend, were of an altogether too miscellaneous quality to disturb the broad trend of its policy. Its freedom from rules or formalities prevented any obstructive proceedings, and when one of the two newly arrived Home Rule members for India sought for information how to bring in a Bill, they learnt simply that Bills were not brought in. They asked for the Speaker, and were privileged to hear much ripe wisdom from the ex-king Egbert, who was now con-

sciously among the seniors of the gathering. Thereafter they were baffled men. . . .

But already by that time the work of the council was drawing to an end. It was concerned not so much for the continuation of its constructions as for the preservation of its accomplished work from the dramatic instincts of the politician.

The life of the race becomes indeed more and more independent of the formal Government. The council in its opening phase was heroic in spirit; a dragon-slaying body, it slashed out of existence a vast knotted tangle of obsolete ideas and clumsy and jealous proprietorships; it secured by a noble system of institutional precautions, freedom of inquiry, freedom of criticism, free communications, a common basis of education and understanding and freedom from economic oppression. With that its creative task was accomplished. It became more and more an established security and less and less an active intervention. There is nothing in our time to correspond with the continual petty making and entangling of laws in an atmosphere of contention that is perhaps the most perplexing aspect of constitutional history in the nineteenth century. In that age they seem to have been perpetually making laws when we should alter regulations. The work of change which we delegate to these scientific committees of specific general direction which have the special knowledge needed, and which are themselves dominated by the broad intellectual process of the community, was in those days inextricably mixed up with legislation. They fought over the details; we should as soon think of fighting over the arrangement of the parts of a machine. We know nowadays that such things go on best within laws, as life goes on between earth and sky. And so it is that Government gathers now for a day or so in each year under the sunshine of Brissago when St. Bruno's lilies are in flower, and does little more than bless the work of its committees. And even these committees are less originative and more expressive of the general thought than they were at first. It becomes difficult to mark out the particular directive personalities of the world. Continually we are less personal. Every good thought contributes now, and every able brain falls within that informal and dispersed kingship which

gathers together into one purpose the energies of the race.

§ 10.

It is doubtful if we shall ever see again a phase of human existence in which "politics," that is to say a partisan interference with the ruling sanities of the world, will be the dominant interest among serious men. We seem to have entered upon an entirely new phase in history, in which contention, as distinguished from rivalry, has almost abruptly ceased to be the usual occupation, and has become at most a subdued and hidden and discredited thing. Contentious professions cease to be an honourable employment for men. The peace between nations is also a peace between individuals. We live in a world that comes of age. Man the warrior, man the lawyer, and all the bickering aspects of life, pass into obscurity; the grave dreamers, man the curious learner and man the creative artist, come forward to replace these barbaric aspects of existence by a less ignoble adventure.

There is no natural life of man. He is and always has been a sheath of varied and even incompatible possibilities, a palimpsest of inherited dispositions. It was the habit of many writers in the early twentieth century to speak of competition and the narrow private life of trade and saving and suspicious isolation as though such things were in some exceptional way proper to the human constitution, and as though openness of mind and a preference for achievement over possession were abnormal and rather unsubstantial qualities. How wrong that was the history of the decades immediately following the establishment of the World Republic witnesses. Once the world was released from the hardening insecurities of a needless struggle for life that was collectively planless and individually absorbing, it became apparent that there was in the vast mass of people a long-smothered passion to make things. The world broke out into making, and at first mainly into æsthetic making. This phase of history, which has been not inaptly termed the "Efflorescence," is still to a large extent with us. The majority of our population consists

of artists, and the bulk of activity in the world lies no longer with necessities, but with their elaboration, decoration and refinement. There has been an evident change in the quality of this making during recent years. It becomes more purposeful than it was, losing something of its first elegance and prettiness and gaining in intensity; but that is a change rather of hue than of nature. That comes with a deepening philosophy and a sounder education. For the first joyous exercises of fancy we perceive now the deliberation of a more constructive imagination. There is a natural order in these things, and art comes before science as the satisfaction of more elemental needs must come before art, and as play and pleasure come in a human life before the development of a settled purpose. . . .

For thousands of years this gathering impulse to creative work must have struggled in man against the limitations imposed upon him by his social ineptitude. It was a long-smouldering fire that flamed out at last into all these things. The evidence of a pathetic, perpetually thwarted urgency to make something is one of the most touching aspects of the relics and records of our immediate ancestors. There exists still in the death area about the London bombs a region of deserted small homes that furnish the most illuminating comment on the old state of affairs. These homes are entirely horrible, uniform, square, squat, hideously proportioned, uncomfortable, dingy, and in some respects quite filthy; only people in complete despair of anything better could have lived in them, but to each is attached a ridiculous little rectangle of land called "the garden," containing usually a prop for drying clothes and a loathsome box of offal, the dustbin, full of egg-shells, cinders and such-like refuse. Now that one may go about this region in comparative security—for the London radiations have dwindled to inconsiderable proportions—it is possible to trace in nearly every one of these gardens some effort to make. Here it is a poor little plank summerhouse, here it is a "fountain" of bricks and oyster-shells, here a "rockery," here a "workshop." And in the houses everywhere there are pitiful little decorations, clumsy models, feeble drawings. These efforts are amost incredibly inept, like the drawings of blindfolded men; they are only one shade less harrowing to a sympathetic observer than the

scratchings one finds upon the walls of the old prisons, but there they are, witnessing to the poor buried instincts that struggled up towards the light. That god of joyous expression our poor fathers ignorantly sought, our freedom has declared to us. . . .

In the old days the common ambition of every simple soul was to possess a little property, a patch of land, a house uncontrolled by others, an "independence," as the English used to put it. And what made this desire for freedom and prosperity so strong was very evidently the dream of self-expression, of doing something with it, of playing with it, of making a personal delightfulness, a distinctiveness. Property was never more than a means to an end, nor avarice more than a perversion. Men owned in order to do freely. Now that everyone has his own apartments and his own privacy secure, this disposition to own has found its release in a new direction. Men study and save and strive that they may leave behind them a series of panels in some public arcade, a row of carven figures along a terrace, a grove, a pavilion. Or they give themselves to the penetration of some still opaque riddle in phenomena as once men gave themselves to the accumulation of riches. The work that was once the whole substance of social existence—for most men spent all their lives in earning a living—is now no more than was the burthen upon one of those old climbers who carried knapsacks of provisions on their backs in order that they might ascend mountains. It matters little to the easy charities of our emancipated time that most people who have made their labour contribution produce neither new beauty nor new wisdom, but are simply busy about those pleasant activities and enjoyments that reassure them that they are alive. They help, it may be, by reception and reverberation, and they hinder nothing. . . .

§ II.

Now all this phase of gigantic change in the contours and appearances of human life which is going on about us, a change as rapid and as wonderful as the swift ripening of adolescence to manhood after the barbaric boyish

years, is correlated with moral and mental changes at least as unprecedented. It is not as if old things were going out of life and new things coming in, it is rather that the altered circumstances of men are making an appeal to elements in his nature that have hitherto been suppressed, and checking tendencies that have hitherto been over-stimulated and over-developed. He has not so much grown and altered his essential being as turned new aspects to the light. Such turnings round into a new attitude the world has seen on a less extensive scale before. The Highlanders of the seventeenth century, for example, were cruel and bloodthirsty robbers; in the nineteenth their descendants were conspicuously trusty and honourable men. There was not a people in Western Europe in the early twentieth century that seemed capable of hideous massacres, and none that had not been guilty of them within the previous two centuries. The free, frank, kindly, gentle life of the prosperous classes in any European country before the years of the last wars was in a different world of thought and feeling from that of the dingy, suspicious, secretive, and uncharitable existence of the respectable poor, or the constant personal violence, the squalor, and naïve passions of the lowest stratum. Yet there were no real differences of blood and inherent quality between these worlds; their differences were all in circumstances, suggestion, and habits of mind. And turning to more individual instances, the constantly observed difference between one portion of a life and another consequent upon a religious conversion were a standing example of the versatile possibilities of human nature.

The catastrophe of the atomic bombs which shook men out of cities and businesses and economic relations, shook them also out of their old-established habits of thought, and out of the lightly held beliefs and prejudices that came down to them from the past. To borrow a word from the old-fashioned chemists, men were made nascent; they were released from old ties; for good or evil they were ready for new associations. The council carried them forward for good; perhaps if his bombs had reached their destination, King Ferdinand Charles might have carried them back to an endless chain of evils. But his task would have been a harder one than the council's. The moral shock of the

atomic bombs had been a profound one, and for a while the cunning side of the human animal was overpowered by its sincere realisation of the vital necessity for reconstruction. The litigious and trading spirits cowered together, scared at their own consequences; men thought twice before they sought mean advantages in the face of the unusual eagerness to realise new aspirations, and when at last the weeds revived again and "claims" began to sprout, they sprouted upon the stony soil of law courts reformed, of laws that pointed to the future instead of the past, and under the blazing sunshine of a transforming world. A new literature, a new interpretation of history were springing into existence, a new teaching was already in the schools, a new faith in the hearts of the young. The worthy man who forestalled the building of a research city for the English upon the Sussex downs by buying up a series of estates was dispossessed and laughed out of court when he made his demand for some preposterous compensation; the owner of the discredited Dass patents makes his last appearance upon the scroll of history as the insolvent proprietor of a paper called *The Cry for Justice*, in which he duns the world for a hundred million pounds. That was the ingenuous Dass's idea of justice, that he ought to be paid about five million pounds annually because he had annexed the selvage of one of Holsten's discoveries. Dass came at last to believe quite firmly in his right, and he died a victim to conspiracy mania in a private hospital at Nice. Both of these men would probably have ended their days enormously wealthy, and of course ennobled, in the England of the opening twentieth century, and it is just this novelty of their fates that marks the quality of the new age.

The new government early discovered the need of a universal education to fit men to the great conceptions of its universal rule. It made no wrangling attacks on the local, racial, and sectarian forms of religious profession that at that time divided the earth into a patchwork of hatreds and distrusts; it left these organisations to make their peace with God in their own time; but it proclaimed, as if it were a mere secular truth, that sacrifice was expected from all, that respect had to be shown to all; it revived schools or set them up afresh all round the world, and everywhere

these schools taught the history of war and the consequences and moral of the Last War; everywhere it was taught not as a sentiment, but as a matter of fact, that the salvation of the world from waste and contention was the common duty and occupation of all men and women. These things, which are now the elementary commonplaces of human intercourse, seemed to the councillors of Brissago, when first they dared to proclaim them, marvellously daring discoveries, not untouched by doubt, that flushed the cheek and fired the eye.

The council placed all this educational reconstruction in the hands of a committee of men and women, which did its work during the next few decades with remarkable breadth and effectiveness. This educational committee was and is the correlative upon the mental and spiritual side of the redistribution committee. And prominent upon it, and indeed for a time quite dominating it, was a Russian named Karenin, who was singular in being a congenital cripple. His body was bent so that he walked with difficulty, suffered much pain as he grew older, and had at last to undergo two operations. The second killed him. Already malformation, which was to be seen in every crowd during the Middle Ages, so that the crippled beggar was, as it were, an essential feature of the human spectacle, was becoming a strange thing in the world. It had a curious effect upon Karenin's colleagues; their feeling towards him was mingled with pity and a sense of inhumanity that it needed usage rather than reason to overcome. He had a strong face, with little bright brown eyes, rather deeply sunken, and a large, resolute, thin-lipped mouth. His skin was very yellow and wrinkled and his hair iron grey. He was at all times an impatient and sometimes an angry man, but this was forgiven him because of the hot wire of suffering that was manifestly thrust through his being. At the end of his life his personal prestige was very great. To him far more than to any contemporary is it due that self-abnegation, self-identification with the world spirit, was made the basis of universal education. That general memorandum to the teachers which is the keynote of the modern educational system was probably entirely his work.

"Whosoever would save his soul shall lose it," he wrote. "That is the device upon the seal of this document and

the starting-point of all we have to do. It is a mistake to regard it as anything but a plain statement of fact. It is the basis for your work. You have to teach self-forgetfulness, and everything else that you have to teach is contributory and subordinate to that end. Education is the release of man from self. You have to widen the horizons of your children, encourage and intensify their curiosity, and their creative impulses, and cultivate and enlarge their sympathies. That is what you are for. Under your guidance and the suggestions you will bring to bear on them, they have to shed the old Adam of instinctive suspicions, hostilities, and passions, and to find themselves again in the great being of the universe. The little circles of their egotisms have to be opened out until they become arcs in the sweep of the racial purpose. And this that you teach to others you must learn also sedulously yourselves. Philosophy, discovery, art, every sort of skill, every sort of service, love; these are the means of salvation from that narrow loneliness of desire, that brooding preoccupation with self and egotistical relationships, which is hell for the individual, treason to the race, and exile from God. . . ."

§ 12.

As things round themselves off and accomplish themselves, one begins for the first time to see them clearly. From the perspectives of a new age one can look back upon the great and widening stream of literature with a complete understanding. Things link up that seemed disconnected, and things that were once condemned as harsh and aimless are seen to be factors in the statement of a gigantic problem. An enormous bulk of the sincerer writing of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries falls together now into an unanticipated unanimity; one sees it as a huge tissue of variations upon one theme, the conflict of human egotism and personal passion and narrow imaginations, on the one hand, against the growing sense of wider necessities and a possible, more spacious life.

That conflict is in evidence in so early a work as Voltaire's *Candide*, for example, in which the desire for justice as well as happiness beats against human contrariety and takes refuge

at last in a forced and inconclusive contentment with little things. *Candide* was but one of the pioneers of a literature of uneasy complaint that was presently an innumerable multitude of books. The novels, more particularly, of the nineteenth century, if one excludes the mere story-tellers from our consideration, witness to this uneasy realisation of changes that call for effort and of the lack of that effort. In a thousand aspects, now tragically, now comically, now with a funny affectation of divine detachment, a countless host of witnesses tell their story of lives fretting between dreams and limitations. Now one laughs, now one weeps, now one reads with a blank astonishment at this huge and almost unpremeditated record of how the growing human spirit, now warily, now eagerly, now furiously, and always, as it seems, unsuccessfully, tried to adapt itself to the maddening misfit of its patched and ancient garments. And always in these books, as one draws nearer to the heart of the matter, there comes a disconcerting evasion. It was the fantastic convention of the time that a writer should not touch upon religion. To do so was to rouse the jealous fury of the great multitude of professional religious teachers. It was permitted to state the discord, but it was forbidden to glance at any possible reconciliation. Religion was the privilege of the pulpit. . . .

It was not only from the novels that religion was omitted. It was ignored by the newspapers; it was pedantically disregarded in the discussion of business questions, it played a trivial and apologetic part in public affairs. And this was done, not out of contempt, but respect. The hold of the old religious organisations upon men's respect was still enormous, so enormous that there seemed to be a quality of irreverence in applying religion to the developments of every day. This strange suspension of religion lasted over into the beginnings of the new age. It was the clear vision of Marcus Karenin much more than any other contemporary influence which brought it back into the texture of human life. He saw religion without hallucinations, without superstitious reverence, as a common thing as necessary as food and air, as land and energy to the life of man and the well-being of the Republic. He saw that indeed it had already percolated away from the temples and hierarchies and symbols in which men had sought to imprison it, that it was

already at work anonymously and obscurely in the universal acceptance of the greater state. He gave it clearer expression, rephrased it to the lights and perspectives of the new dawn. . . .

But if we return to our novels for our evidence of the spirit of the times, it becomes evident as one reads them in their chronological order, so far as that is now ascertainable, that as one comes to the later nineteenth and the earlier twentieth century the writers are much more acutely aware of secular change than their predecessors were. The earlier novelists tried to show "life as it is," the later showed life as it changes. More and more of their characters are engaged in adaptation to change or suffering from the effects of world changes. And as we come up to the time of the Last Wars, this newer conception of the everyday life as a reaction to an accelerated development is continually more manifest. Barnet's book, which has served us so well, is frankly a picture of the world coming about like a ship that sails into the wind. Our later novelists give a vast gallery of individual conflicts, in which old habits and customs, limited ideas, ungenerous temperaments, and innate obsessions are pitted against this great opening out of life that has happened to us. They tell us of the feelings of old people who have been wrenched away from familiar surroundings, and how they have had to make peace with uncomfortable comforts and conveniences that are still strange to them. They give us the discord between the opening egotisms of youth and the ill-defined limitations of a changing social life. They tell of the universal struggle of jealousy to capture and cripple our souls, of romantic failures and tragical misconceptions of the trend of the world, of the spirit of adventure and the urgency of curiosity and how these serve the universal drift. And all their stories lead in the end either to happiness missed or happiness won, to disaster or salvation. The clearer their vision and the subtler their art, the more certainly do these novels tell of the possibility of salvation for all the world. For any road in life leads to religion for those upon it who will follow it far enough. . . .

It would have seemed a strange thing to the men of the former time that it should be an open question, as it is to-day, whether the world is wholly Christian or not

Christian at all. But assuredly we have the spirit, and as surely have we left many temporary forms behind. Christianity was the first expression of world religion, the first complete repudiation of tribalism and war and disputation. That it fell presently into the ways of more ancient rituals cannot alter that. The common sense of mankind has toiled through two thousand years of chastening experience, to find at last how sound a meaning attaches to the familiar phrases of the Christian faith. The scientific thinker, as he widens out to the moral problems of the collective life, comes inevitably upon the words of Christ, and as inevitably does the Christian, as his thought grows clearer, arrive at the World Republic. As for the claims of the sects, as for the use of a name and successions,—we live in a time that has shaken itself free from such claims and consistencies.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

The Last Days of Marcus Karenin.

§ 1.

The second operation upon Marcus Karenin was performed at the new station for surgical work at Paran, high in the Himalayas above the Sutlej gorge where it comes down out of Thibet.

It is a place of such wildness and beauty as no other scenery in the world affords. The granite terrace which runs round the four sides of the low block of laboratories looks out in every direction upon mountains. Far below in the hidden depths of a shadowy blue cleft, the river pours down in its tumultuous passage to the swarming plains of India. No sound of its roaring haste comes up to those serenities. Beyond that blue gulf, in which whole forests of giant deodars seem no more than small patches of moss, rise vast precipices of many-coloured rock, fretted above, lined by snowfalls and jagged into pinnacles. These are the northward wall of a towering wilderness of ice and snow which clambers

southward, higher and wilder and vaster to the culminating summits of our globe, to Dhaulagiri and Everest. Here are cliffs of which no other land can show the like, and deep chasms in which Mont Blanc might be plunged and hidden. Here are icefields as big as inland seas, on which the tumbled boulders lie so thickly that strange little flowers can bloom among them under the untempered sunshine. To the northward, and blocking out any vision of the uplands of Thibet, rises that citadel of porcelain, that Gothic pile, the Lio Porgyul, walls, towers, and peaks, a clear twelve thousand feet of veined and splintered rock above the river. And beyond it and eastward and westward rise peaks behind peaks, against the dark blue Himalayan sky. Far away below to the south the clouds of the Indian rains pile up abruptly and are stayed by an invisible hand.

Hither it was that, with a dreamlike swiftness, Karenin flew high over the irrigations of Rajputana and the towers and cupolas of the ultimate Delhi; and the little group of buildings, albeit the southward wall dropped nearly five hundred feet, seemed to him as he soared down to it like a toy lost among these mountain wildernesses. No road came up to this place; it was reached only by flight.

His pilot descended to the great courtyard, and Karenin, assisted by his secretary, clambered down through the wing fabric and made his way to the officials who came out to receive him.

In this place, beyond infections and noise and any distraction, surgery had made for itself a house of research and a healing fastness. The building itself would have seemed very wonderful to eyes accustomed to the flimsy architecture of an age when power was precious. It was made of granite, already a little roughened on the outside by frost, but polished within and of a tremendous solidity. And in a honeycomb of subtly lit apartments, were the spotless research benches, the operating tables, the instruments of brass and fine glass and platinum and gold. Men and women came from all parts of the world for study or experimental research. They wore a common uniform of white and ate at long tables together, but the patients lived in an upper part of the buildings and were cared for by nurses and skilled attendants. . . .

The first man to greet Karenin was Ciana, the scientific

director of the institution. Beside him was Rachel Borken, the chief organiser. "You are tired?" she asked, and old Karenin shook his head. "Cramped," he said. "I have wanted to visit such a place as this."

He spoke as if he had no other business with them.

There was a little pause.

"How many scientific people have you got here now?" he asked.

"Just three hundred and ninety-two," said Rachel Borken.

"And the patients and attendants, and so on?"

"Two thousand and thirty."

"I shall be a patient," said Karenin. "I shall have to be a patient. But I should like to see things first. Presently I will be a patient."

"You will come to my rooms?" suggested Ciana.

"And then I must talk to this doctor of yours," said Karenin. "But I would like to see a bit of this place and talk to some of your people before it comes to that."

He winced and moved forward.

"I have left most of my work in order," he said.

"You have been working hard up to now?" asked Rachel Borken.

"Yes. And now I have nothing more to do—and it seems strange. . . . And it's a bother, this illness, and having to come down to oneself. This doorway and that row of windows is well done; the grey granite and just the line of gold and then those mountains beyond through that arch. It's very well done. . . ."

§ 2.

The next morning Karenin got up early and watched the sun rise over the mountains, and breakfasted lightly, and then young Gardener, his secretary, came to consult him upon the spending of his day. Would he care to see people? Or was this gnawing pain within him too much to permit him to do that.

"I'd like to talk," said Karenin. "There must be all sorts of lively-minded people here. Let them come and gossip with me. It will distract me—and I can't tell you

how interesting it makes everything that is going on to have seen the dawn of one's own last day."

§ 3.

Presently, in accordance with his wish, people came to talk to him, and he could forget himself again. Rachel Borken sat for a long time with him and talked chiefly of women in the world, and with her was a girl named Edith Haydon, who was already very well known as a cytologist. And several of the younger men who were working in the place and a patient named Kahn, a poet, and Edwards, a designer of plays and shows, spent some time with him. The talk wandered from point to point and came back upon itself, and became now earnest and now trivial, as the chance suggestions determined. But soon afterwards Gardener wrote down notes of things he remembered, and it is possible to put together again the outlook of Karenin upon the world and how he thought and felt about many of the principal things in life.

"Our age," he said, "has been so far an age of scene-shifting. We have been preparing a stage, clearing away the setting of a drama that was played out and growing tiresome. . . . If I could but sit out the first few scenes of the new spectacle. . . .

"How encumbered the world had become! It was ailing as I am ailing with a growth of unmeaning things. It was entangled, feverish, confused. It was in sore need of release, and I suppose that nothing less than the violence of those bombs could have released it and made it a healthy world again. I suppose they were necessary. Just as everything turns to evil in a fevered body, so everything seemed turning to evil in those last years of the old time. Everywhere there were obsolete organisations seizing upon all the new fine things that science was giving to the world, nationalities, all sorts of political bodies, the churches and sects, proprietorship, seizing upon those great powers and limitless possibilities and turning them to evil uses. And they would not suffer open speech; they would not permit of education; they would let no one be educated to the needs of the new time. . . . You who are younger cannot imagine the mixture of desperate hope and protesting

despair in which we who could believe in the possibilities of science lived in those years before atomic energy came. . . . .

"It was not only that the mass of people would not attend, would not understand, but that those who did understand lacked the power of real belief. They said the things, they saw the things, and the things meant nothing to them. . . .

"I have been reading some old papers lately. It is wonderful how our fathers bore themselves towards science. They hated it. They feared it. They permitted a few scientific men to exist and work—a pitiful handful. . . . 'Don't find out anything about us,' they said to them; 'don't inflict vision upon us; spare our little ways of life from the fearful shaft of understanding. But do tricks for us, little limited tricks. Give us cheap lighting. And cure us of certain disagreeable things—cure us of cancer, cure us of consumption, cure our colds and relieve us after repletion.' . . . We have changed all that, Gardener. Science is no longer our servant. We know it for something greater than our little individual selves. It is the awakening mind of the race, and in a little while—in a little while—— I wish indeed I could watch for that little while, now that the curtain has risen. . . .

"While I lie here they are clearing up what is left of the bombs in London," he said. "Then they are going to repair the ruins and make it all as like as possible to its former condition before the bombs fell. Perhaps they will dig out the old house in St. John's Wood to which my father went after his expulsion from Russia. . . . That London of my memories seems to me like a place in another world. For you younger people it must seem like a place that could never have existed."

"Is there much left standing?" asked Edith Haydon.

"Square miles that are scarcely shaken in the south and north-west, they say; and most of the bridges and large areas of dock. Westminster, which held most of the Government offices, suffered badly from the small bomb that destroyed the Parliament; there are very few traces of the old thoroughfare of Whitehall or the Government region thereabout, but there are plentiful drawings to scale of its buildings; and the great hole in the east of London

scarcely matters. That was a poor district, and very like the north and the south. . . . It will be possible to reconstruct most of it. . . . It is wanted. Already it becomes difficult to recall the old time—even for us who saw it."

"It seems very distant to me," said the girl.

"It was an unwholesome world," reflected Karenin. "I seem to remember everybody about my childhood as if they were ill. They were ill. They were sick with confusion. Everybody was anxious about money, and everybody was doing uncongenial things. They ate a queer mixture of foods, either too much or too little, and at odd hours. One sees how ill they were by their advertisements. All this new region of London they are opening up now is plastered with advertisements of pills. Everybody must have been taking pills. In one of the hotel rooms in the Strand they have found the luggage of a lady covered up by falling rubble and unburnt, and she was equipped with nine different sorts of pill and tabloid. The pill-carrying age followed the weapon-carrying age. They are equally strange to us. People's skins must have been in a vile state. Very few people were properly washed; they carried the filth of months on their clothes. All the clothes they wore were old clothes; our way of pulping our clothes again after a week or so of wear would have seemed fantastic to them. Their clothing hardly bears thinking about. And the congestion of them! Everybody was jostling against everybody in those awful towns. In an uproar. People were run over and crushed by the hundred; every year in London the cars and omnibuses alone killed or disabled twenty thousand people; in Paris it was worse; people used to fall dead for want of air in the crowded ways. The irritation of London, internal and external, must have been maddening. It was a maddened world. It is like thinking of a sick child. One has the same effect of feverish urgencies and acute irrational disappointments.

"All history," he said, "is a record of a childhood. . . .

"And yet not exactly a childhood. There is something clean and keen about even a sick child—and something touching. But so much of the old time makes one angry. So much they did seems grossly stupid, obstinately, outrageously stupid, which is the very opposite to being fresh and young.

"I was reading only the other day about Bismarck, that hero of nineteenth-century politics, that sequel to Napoleon, that god of blood and iron. And he was just a beery, obstinate, dull man. Indeed, that is what he was—the commonest, coarsest man who ever became great. I looked at his portraits, a heavy, almost froggish face, with projecting eyes and a thick moustache to hide a poor mouth. He aimed at nothing but Germany; Germany emphasised, indurated, enlarged; Germany and his class in Germany; beyond that he had no ideas; he was inaccessible to ideas; his mind never rose for a recorded instant above a bumpkin's elaborate cunning. And he was the most influential man in the world, in the whole world; no man ever left so deep a mark on it, because everywhere there were gross men to resonate to the heavy notes he emitted. He trampled on ten thousand lovely things, and a kind of malice in these louts made it pleasant to them to see him trample. No, he was no child; the dull national aggressiveness he stood for, no childishness. Childhood is promise. He was survival.

"All Europe offered its children to him; it sacrificed education, art, happiness, and all its hopes of future welfare to follow the clatter of his sabre. The monstrous worship of that old fool's 'blood and iron' passed all round the earth. Until the atomic bombs burnt our way to freedom again. . . ."

"One thinks of him now as one thinks of the megatherium," said one of the young men.

"From first to last mankind made three million big guns and a hundred thousand complicated great ships for no other purpose but war."

"Were there no sane men in those days?" asked the young man, "to stand against that idolatry?"

"In a state of despair," said Edith Haydon.

"He is so far off—and there are men alive still who were alive when Bismarck died," said the young man. . . .

§ 4.

For a time Karenin said very little, and Kahn, the popular poet, talked of passionate love. He said that

passionate personal love had been the abiding desire of humanity since ever humanity had begun, and now only was it becoming a possible experience. It had been a dream that generation after generation had pursued, that always men had lost on the verge of attainment. To most of those who had sought it obstinately it had brought tragedy. Now, lifted above sordid distresses, men and women might hope for realised and triumphant love. This age was the Dawn of Love. . . .

Karenin remained downcast and thoughtful while Kahn said these things. Against that continued silence Kahn's voice presently seemed to beat and fall. He had begun by addressing Karenin, but presently he was including Edith Haydon and Rachel Borken in his appeal. Rachel listened silently; Edith watched Karenin, and very deliberately avoided Kahn's eyes.

"I know," said Karenin at last, "that many people are saying this sort of thing. I know that there is a vast release of love-making in the world. This great wave of decoration and elaboration that has gone about the world, this Efflorescence, has, of course, laid hold of that. I know that when you say that the world is set free, you interpret that to mean that the world is set free for love-making. Down there, under the clouds, the lovers foregather. I know your songs, Kahn, your half-mystical songs in which you represent this old, hard world dissolving into a luminous haze of love—sexual love. . . . I don't think you are right or true in that. You are a young, imaginative man and you see life—ardently—with the eyes of youth. But the power that has brought man into these high places under this blue-veiled blackness of the sky and which beckons us on towards the immense and awful future of our race, is riper and deeper and greater than any such emotions. . . .

"All through my life—it has been a necessary part of my work—I have had to think of this release of sexual love and the riddles that perfect freedom and almost limitless power will put to the soul of our race. I can see now, all over the world, a beautiful ecstasy of waste: 'Let us sing and rejoice and be lovely and wonderful! . . .' The orgy is only beginning, Kahn. . . . It was inevitable—but it is not the end of mankind. . . .

"Think what we are. It is but a yesterday in the end-

lessness of time that life was a dreaming thing, dreaming so deeply that it forgot itself as it dreamt, its lives, its individual instincts, its moments were born and wondered and played and hungered and grew weary and died. Incalculable successions of vision, visions of sunlit jungle, river wilderness, wild forest, eager desire, beating hearts, soaring wings, and creeping terror flamed hotly, and then were as though they had never been. Life was an uneasiness across which lights played and vanished. And then we came, man came, and opened eyes that were a question and hands that were a demand, and began a mind and memory that dies not when men die, but lives and increases for ever, an overmind, a dominating will, a question and an aspiration that reaches to the stars. . . . Hunger and fear and this that you make so much of, this sex, are but the elementals of life out of which we have arisen. All these elementals, I grant you, have to be provided for, dealt with, satisfied, but all these things have to be left behind."

"But Love," said Kahn.

Karenin shook his head. "You cannot stay at the roots and climb the tree," he said. . . .

"No," he said after a pause, "this sexual excitement, this love story, is just a part of growing up, and we grow out of it. So far, literature and art and sentiment and all our emotional forms have been almost altogether adolescent; plays and stories, delights and hopes, they have all turned on that marvellous discovery of the love interest, but life lengthens out now, and the mind of adult humanity detaches itself. Poets, who used to die at thirty, live now to eighty-five. You too, Kahn! There are endless years yet for you—and all full of learning. . . . We carry an excessive burthen of sex and sexual tradition still, and we have to free ourselves from it. We do free ourselves from it. We have learnt in a thousand different ways to hold back death, and this sex, which in the old barbaric days was just sufficient to balance our dying, is now like a hammer that has lost its anvil, it plunges through human life. You poets, you young people, want to turn it to delight. Turn it to delight. That may be one way out. In a little while, if you have any brains worth thinking about, you will be satisfied, and then you will come up here to the greater things. The old religions and their new offsets

want still, I see, to suppress all these things. Let them suppress. If they can suppress. In their own people. Either road will bring you here at last to the eternal search for knowledge and the great adventure of power. . . ."

§ 5

"These questions are the next questions to which research will bring us answers," said Karenin. "While we sit here and talk idly and inexactly of what is needed and what may be, there are hundreds of keen-witted men and women who are working these things out, dispassionately and certainly, for the love of knowledge. The next science to yield great harvests now will be psychology and neural physiology. These perplexities of the situation between man and woman and the trouble with the obstinacy of egotism—these are temporary troubles, the issue of our own times. Suddenly all these differences that seem so fixed will dissolve, all these incompatibles will run together, and we shall go on to mould our bodies and our bodily feelings and personal reactions as boldly as we begin now to carve mountains and set the seas in their places and change the currents of the winds."

"It is the next wave," said Fowler, who had come out upon the terrace and seated himself silently behind Karenin's chair.

"Of course, in the old days," said Edwards, "men were tied to their city or their country, tied to the homes they owned or the work they did. . . ."

"I do not see," said Karenin, "that there is any final limit to man's power of self-modification."

"There is none," said Fowler, walking forward and sitting down upon the parapet in front of Karenin so that he could see his face. "There is no absolute limit to either knowledge or power. . . . I hope you do not tire yourself talking."

"I am interested," said Karenin. "I suppose in a little while men will cease to be tired. I suppose in a little time you will give us something that will hurry away the fatigue products and restore our jaded tissues almost at once. This old machine may be made to run without slacking or cessation."

"That is possible, Karenin. But there is much to learn."

"And all the hours we give to digestion and half living; don't you think—; there will be some way of saving these?"

Fowler nodded assent.

"And then sleep again. When man with his blazing lights made an end to night in his towns and houses—it is only a hundred years or so ago that was done—then it followed he would presently resent his eight hours of uselessness. Shan't we presently take a tabloid or lie in some field of force that will enable us to do with an hour or so of slumber and then rise refreshed again?"

"Frobisher and Ameer Ali have done work in that direction."

"And then the inconveniences of age and those diseases of the system that come with years; steadily you drive them back and you lengthen and lengthen the years that stretch between the passionate tumults of youth and the contractions of senility. Man, who used to weaken and die as his teeth decayed, now looks forward to a continually lengthening, continually fuller term of years. And all those parts of him that once gathered evil against him, the vestigial structures and odd treacherous corners of his body, you know better and better how to deal with. You carve his body about and leave it remodelled and unscarred. The psychologists are learning how to mould minds, to reduce and remove bad complexes of thought and motive, to relieve pressures and broaden ideas. So that we are becoming more and more capable of transmitting what we have learnt and preserving it for the race. The race, the racial wisdom, science, gather power continually to subdue the individual man to its own end. Is that not so?"

Fowler said that it was, and for a time he was telling Karenin of new work that was in progress in India and Russia. "And how is it with heredity?" asked Karenin.

Fowler told them of the mass of inquiry accumulated and arranged by the genius of Tchen, who was beginning to define clearly the laws of inheritance and how the sex of children and the complexions and many of the parental qualities could be determined.

"He can actually *do*—?"

"It is still, so to speak, a mere laboratory triumph," said Fowler, "but to-morrow it will be practicable."

"You see," cried Karenin, turning to Rachel and Edith, "while we have been theorising about men and women, here is science getting the power for us to end that old dispute for ever. If woman is too much for us, we'll reduce her to a minority, and if we do not like any type of men and women, we'll have no more of it. These old bodies, these old animal limitations, all this earthy inheritance of gross inevitabilities, falls from the spirit of man like the shrivelled cocoon from an imago. And for my own part, when I hear of these things I feel like that—like a wet, crawling, new moth that still fears to spread its wings. Because where do these things take us?"

"Beyond humanity," said Kahn.

"No," said Karenin. "We can still keep our feet upon the earth that made us. But the air no longer imprisons us, this round planet is no longer chained to us like the ball of a galley slave. . . .

"In a little while men who will know how to bear the strange gravitations, the altered pressures, the attenuated, unfamiliar gases, and all the fearful strangenesses of space, will be venturing out from this earth. This ball will be no longer enough for us; our spirit will reach out. . . . Cannot you see how that little argosy will go glittering up into the sky, twinkling and glittering smaller and smaller, until the blue swallows it up. They may succeed out there; they may perish, but other men will follow them. . . .

"It is as if a great window opened," said Karenin. . . .

§ 6.

As the evening drew on, Karenin and those who were about him went up upon the roof of the buildings, so that they might the better watch the sunset and the flushing of the mountains and the coming of the afterglow. They were joined by two of the surgeons from the laboratories below, and presently by a nurse, who brought Karenin refreshment in a thin glass cup. It was a cloudless, wind-

less evening under the deep blue sky, and far away to the north glittered two biplanes on the way to the observatories on Everest, two hundred miles distant over the precipices to the east. The little group of people watched them pass over the mountains and vanish into the blue, and then for a time they talked of the work that the observatory was doing. From that they passed to the whole process of research about the world, and so Karenin's thoughts returned again to the mind of the world and the great future that was opening upon man's imagination. He asked the surgeons many questions upon the detailed possibilities of their science, and he was keenly interested and excited by the things they told him.

And as they talked the sun touched the mountains and became very swiftly a blazing and indented hemisphere of liquid flame, and sank.

Karenin looked blinking at the last quivering rim of incandescence, and shaded his eyes and became silent.

Presently he gave a little start.

"What?" asked Rachel Borken.

"I had forgotten," he said.

"What had you forgotten?"

"I had forgotten about the operation to-morrow. I have been so interested as Man to-day that I have nearly forgotten Marcus Karenin. Marcus Karenin must go under your knife to-morrow, Fowler, and very probably Marcus Karenin will die." He raised his slightly shrivelled hand. "It does not matter, Fowler. It scarcely matters, even to me. For indeed, is it Karenin who has been sitting here and talking? Is it not rather a common mind, Fowler, that has played about between us? You and I and all of us have added thought to thought, but the thread is neither you nor me. What is true we all have; when the individual has brought himself altogether to the test and winnowing of expression, then the individual is done. I feel as though I had already been emptied out of that little vessel, Marcus Karenin, that once in my youth held me so tightly and completely. Your beauty, dear Edith, and your broad brow, dear Rachel, and you, Fowler, with your firm and skilful hands, are now almost as much me as this hand that beats the arm of my chair. And as little me. And the spirit that desires to know, the spirit that

resolves to do, that spirit that lives and has talked in us to-day, lived in Athens, lived in Florence, lives on, I know, for ever. . . .

"And you, old Sun, you sword of flame, searing these poor old eyes of Marcus for the last time of all, beware of me! You think I die—and indeed I am only taking off one more coat to get at you. I have threatened you for ten thousand years, and soon I warn you I shall be coming. When I am altogether stripped and my disguises thrown away. Very soon now, old Sun, I shall launch myself at you, and I shall reach you and I shall put my foot on your spotted face, and tug you about by your fiery locks. One step I shall take to the moon, and then I shall leap at you. I've talked to you before, old Sun, I've talked to you a million times, and now I am beginning to remember. Yes—long ago, long ago, before I had stripped off a few thousand generations, dust now and forgotten, I was a hairy savage and I pointed my hand at you and—clearly I remember it!—I saw you in a net. Have you forgotten that, old Sun? . . .

"Old Sun, I gather myself together out of the pools of the individual that have held me dispersed so long. I gather my billion thoughts into science and my million wills into a common purpose. Well may you slink down behind the mountain from me, well may you cower. . . ."

§ 7.

Karenin desired that he might dream alone for a little while before he returned to the cell in which he was to sleep. He was given relief for a pain that began to trouble him and wrapped warmly about with furs, for a great coldness was creeping over all things, and so they left him, and he sat for a long time watching the afterglow give place to the darkness of night.

It seemed to those who had to watch over him unobtrusively, lest he should be in want of any attention, that he mused very deeply.

The white and purple peaks against the golden sky sank down into cold blue remoteness, glowed out again and faded again, and the burning cressets of the Indian

stars, that even the moonrise cannot altogether quench, began their vigil. The moon rose behind the towering screen of dark precipices to the east, and long before it emerged above these, its slanting beams had filled the deep gorges below with luminous mist and turned the towers and pinnacles of Lio Porgyul to a magic dream-castle of radiance and wonder. . . .

Came a great uprush of ghostly light above the black rim of rocks, and then, like a bubble that is blown and detaches itself, the moon floated off clear into the unfathomable dark sky. . . .

And then Karenin stood up. He walked a few paces along the terrace and remained for a time gazing up at that great silver disk, that silvery shield that must needs be man's first conquest in outer space. . . .

Presently he turned about and stood with his hands folded behind him, looking at the northward stars. . . .

At length he went to his own cell. He lay down there and slept peacefully till the morning. And early in the morning they came to him, and the anæsthetic was given him and the operation performed.

It was altogether successful, but Karenin was weak, and he had to lie very still; and about seven days later a blood clot detached itself from the healing scar and travelled to his heart, and he died in an instant in the night.

THE END.

Art and Life

By L. March Phillipps

THREE considerations seem to me worth discussing in the present circumstances of art. The first is the separation which nowadays exists between art and life; the second, the effects which such separation is entailing both on art and life; and the third, the signs which are discernible that life and art may again be reunited.

The function of art is to express life. In every creative epoch art is so used. The ideas, the faiths, the aspirations, the mental outlook, which comprise what we call the spirit of an age, are the forces which clothe themselves in living art. Greek art is the very embodiment of that exquisite intellectual lucidity which was the chief perquisite of the classic world; Arab art, eager, fantastic, changeful as flame, is the image of the Arab temperament; Gothic art incarnates in the same way the passionate spirituality of the monastic era. This correspondence between life and art is so intimate that I have often thought a more accurate and vivid history of man and the inter-relation of races might be written on the testimony of art alone than from all other surviving evidence. For example, I am quite sure that any intelligent person, studying the course of architecture at that crisis when the steadfast and serene forms of Romanesque and Byzantine construction were of a sudden twisted and distorted into a thousand capricious shapes by the advent of the Arab, would see in this artistic portent a trustworthy and graphic representation of a historical event, and that he could write from that evidence a vigorous and true account of the appearance of the Arab on the historical stage, together with a summary of his racial characteristics and of the influence which he exerted. The reason such results are obtainable is that it is the proper tendency and purpose of art to express life, to be used by life as a medium for self-expression; and whenever life so

uses art, the result is an extraordinarily vigorous and vital presentment of the life of an age.

I do not think anyone expects or looks for this quality in contemporary art to-day. Indeed, the difficulty is not to prove that art is separated from life, but to get people to believe that it can ever be anything else. We have grown so accustomed to life doing without art and art doing without life that it requires a strong effort to imagine a different state of things. What are the chief signs of disunion? The chief, or at least the most immediately noticeable, is the total lack in art of a uniform and concerted movement. There is behind the art of to-day no collective conviction. No emotion, no thought held by the generality of men finds in present art its appropriate utterance. The artist is no longer the spokesman of the spirit of his age. He speaks but for himself. He proposes and solves his own problems, directs his own theories, indulges his own whims and caprices. And in accordance with this procedure we, the public, when we visit some artistic show, do not go to see any expectation of our own fulfilled, or any cravings of our own nature satisfied; we go to be astonished, surprised, amused, even disgusted; for so thoroughly have we become imbued with the notion that it is Art's proper function to experiment that we had rather it disgusted us with a novelty than pleased us with a kind of work we had seen before.

It would, however, be a proof of very superficial thought if we were content to convey the impression that the trouble was due to a refusal or failure on the part of art to perform its proper function. Art to-day cannot perform that function; it cannot express life, and for the simple reason that there exist in life no forces of sufficient power and permanence to dictate a coherent expression of themselves in terms of art. The set purpose and agreement which exist in all forms of art during creative epochs, and which result in such feats of self-portraiture as the Greek, Arab, or Gothic styles just now spoken of, are the measure of a similar purpose and a similar agreement existing in life. The purpose must exist in life before it can exist in art, and at present there exists no such purpose. Were we to blame art for not expressing life, it would be open to it to retort upon life the blame for not using it to that end. All probing into these matters brings us, in the long run,

to life. It is not artists who make art what it is, but life which makes art what it is. And this is even true of times when no connection exists between art and life, for the ills which then accrue to art are due to this very lack of connection—are due, that is to say, to the failure of life to use art as a means of self-utterance. Life is still responsible. We would even claim the reader's sympathy for the poor artist, for though we are all sufferers from the situation, he is the worst sufferer. We have our work to do, but he is totally bereft of his. During these years when life—for reasons of its own, no doubt—declines to make use of art, we ought, if we were wise, to abolish painting and building and all forms of artistic creation, and disband our painters and architects, and so wait with patience, hove-to, until such time as life, having made up its mind to something definite, would once more seek in art the necessary outlet of expression. In this way we should escape the kind of art we see so much of to-day, the kind of art which is generated in the studio or in the schools; an art for which no one is to blame, which is merely an inevitable outcome of the fact that the painter or architect is receiving no prompting from life, but which none the less is a heavy burden on the community.

Meantime, let the fact of the separation between art and life be borne in mind, for in it lies the explanation of much that seems inexplicable. To what are we to set down the outbursts of apparent ribaldry which every now and then overflow on to the walls of the Grafton Gallery? To eccentricity, effrontery, a craving for notoriety? No, but merely to the fact that these artists are not in use; to the fact that they are not subject to the inspiration and control of life. Things like these happen to an art which is studio-bred, to an art which, cut off from all sane and healthful uses, gloats and sickens in impotent self-contemplation. But is the artist culpable? Alas! poor man, how glad he would be if life would once more take him in its strong, healing hands and soothe away his madness by using him to a purpose.

Again, has the reader ever paused to think of this separation as it affects architecture? I need not demonstrate the fact that at all times when life is using art there is imparted to architecture a definite, vigorous, national

and racial character. Life speaks more emphatically and coherently through architecture than through any of the arts, for the obvious reason that architecture is more intimate to life and touches life at more points than any other art. That we all feel: we all feel what a vivid presentment of the life of their own age the great styles of the past afford. What kind of presentment of present life does the architecture of the present afford? It is difficult to describe that art as it exists among us to-day because of its various and experimental character. We must take hold of it by the only motive which will capture an appreciable part of it. Its strongest motive is the classic tradition. Its characteristic works are imitations or adaptations of the buildings of Imperial Rome, and the favourite pastime of its votaries is to pretend that Constitution Hill is the Palatine and King George the Fifth the Emperor Augustus, and then to build accordingly. It is needless to observe that while the architectural profession and all its associations and academies and newspapers are profoundly stirred by the result achieved, no one else notices it at all. What have the forms of a dead art to do with the living present? The men and women who pass up and down London's streets never turn their heads to glance at the last composition in pilasters and pediments which has sprung up in their midst. The terms which exist between modern life and art could nowhere be better seen. Each rigorously ignores the other.

There is one word to be added in regard to this extraordinary state of separation which prevails at present between life and art. I have spoken of painting and architecture, which are the chief of the fine arts as practised in this country; but, apart from these, there is or should be a whole mass of creative labour concerned with every kind of manual toil almost, which used to be called craftsmanship, and which, besides representing the application of artistic ideals to the common things of life, represents also the means and channels by which the fine arts themselves lay hold of life. What shall we say of them? Obviously, if the crafts are the roots of art, if art holds us to life by the crafts, this breaking of the connection between life and art implies the breakdown of the crafts also. In fact, the crafts, so long as they endured, conveyed vitality

from life to art, and it was not until they collapsed that the separation occurred which we have been noticing. Craftsmanship may be likened to the prose of art, as the so-called fine arts may be called its poetry. It is in the common, everyday speech of craftsmanship that the more intimate life of the community as a whole expresses itself, and it is this mode of expression which the substitution of mechanical for handwork has destroyed. In this sphere of art also the separation between art and life has become absolute.

Never has there been anything quite like this before. Once there was a time when art, in all its manifold activities, expressed the life of the whole community, and was contributed to by every species of labour and craft in the country. That was a time of vigour and vitality in art such as has never before or since been equalled. And then there came a time when, during the era of a great aristocratic ascendency, art became the perquisite of a powerful, dominant class, and directed its efforts to grace the lives and glorify the ideals of this class. It parted then with the extraordinary vitality and vigour which in earlier days had belonged to it, but it parted with them for some sort of equivalent; for in their stead it received the refinement, the nice and keen discernment, the delicate fastidiousness which belong to the aristocratic temperament. The coherence of art, its tendency to unify into a style, depends on the weight of backing it receives from life. Mediæval art was backed by a nation; Georgian art was backed by a class. Each period effected in art results in accordance with its nature. But present-day art is backed by no part of life, by no section of society, by none of us, high or low. It is a matter simply of what the artist or the architect chooses to do. Life directs him not and controls him not. It prompts him neither in the hearty native language of the old days, nor in the cultured aristocratic accents of the eighteenth century. I wish the reader thoroughly to measure and plumb the depths of the abyss which to-day divides life from art; and, having done that, I ask him to go on to consider the second point I spoke of, namely, the effects of that separation on life and art.

But more particularly on life. For while it is true that never before was the art of this nation, in all its degrees,

so destitute of human interest and of that kind of vitality which art derives from life, yet this seems to me but a small matter compared to the ill-effects which life itself has to endure. The function of art, using the word in its widest sense as applicable to the whole creative work of the country, has ever been to ennoble and dignify, and so to render tolerable and in some degree happy the lot of working men and women by developing those nobler gifts of human nature, thought, invention, imagination, which the act of creation exercises. The total divorce of art from life which has taken place has removed therefore an influence which not only drew its own health and strength from life, but which itself tended to ennoble and dignify life. What have the consequences been? Lacking that influence the lives of working men and women have assumed the aspect we know of, an aspect of almost intolerable ugliness and dulness shadowed by a perpetual discontent. I said just now that never was there a time when the divorce of art from life was so complete as at present. I add now that never was there a time when this revolt of life against labour was so general, when strikes were so continuous and embraced so wide an area of industry, when the hatred of the workman for his work was expressed with such a savage emphasis as now. I hope the reader will not allow himself to be put off by the usual sordid and silly explanation which, in days like these when men seek the material standard by a sort of instinct, are offered of such ills. It is a pitiful fact that even Liberals, who should know something of the nature of liberty and of the difference between slave labour and free labour, have commonly nothing but the wrong solution to offer. Are the men miserable? Are their lives embittered, their faculties stunted, their souls shrivelled? Give them more money; increase their wages. Or, if that fails, shorten their hours of work by half an hour a day. Thus even Liberals talk. They look all round the work: at the circumstances it is done under, the amount of it, the money paid for it. But they never look at the work itself which makes the working man's life happy or miserable. If he is doing congenial work, work that exercises his mind and his intelligence, then, no matter what may be the circumstances he does it under, he will stand well with himself and go to and return from his

daily task with hope and confidence. If he is doing vile work, work which exercises none of his higher faculties, work that an intelligent monkey could do, then, whatever his other privileges and advantages may be (though he live in a mansion and get ten pounds a day for it), his very gait and aspect will betray the inward brutalising of his nature. Whoever watches, with simple human understanding and a mind cleared of economic cant, the slow-moving, murky stream of British labour, black and languid as the polluted rivers that crawl through our manufacturing towns, on its way to and from its daily toil at the factories, will easily divine the nature of the evil. It is dawn when the tide begins to flow; it will be night when it ebbs. What it does between the dawn and the dark, its daily work, this it is, perpetually recurring, which records its influence on these faces and these figures. Look at the meagre stature of the men, their pallid countenances, their sneering expressions; listen to the peevish, gibing tones of their voices and the coarse jokes and oaths they snarl at each other as they scuffle along, with shoulders hunched and hands in pockets. It is their work that has done this, and the feeling that this is so feeds daily the men's detestation of their work. Nothing is stronger in them than this feeling. Their very clothes, feebly boasting a superior respectability, seem to show the contempt of their wearers for the toil in which they have to participate. Will money in the pocket cure this? Not until it can cure the poison that courses through the veins and arteries of the body.

Let us face the fact, then, remediable or not remediable, of the mischief which the separation of art from life has done to life in so far as life is an affair of labour. For all this misery which has infected labour is due to that separation and to nothing else. I mean by art a very simple thing; I mean the use of any kind of handicraft, or any kind of creative work, as a means of self-expression. When men work in accordance with their own tastes, perceptions, likings, or intuition, their work becomes a kind of hand-language, uttering their own thought and emotions, and it has a beneficial effect upon their minds and characters because it exercises their highest and best faculties. Take art from labour, and you say in effect to the labourer: "Your labour shall henceforth no longer express you at

all; it shall not unlock your mind; no thoughts of yours or aspirations or emotions of yours shall have a share in it; all this, the better part of you, unused and impotent, shall be left to infect your life with secret shame and discontent, while your daily work degrades you by exercising hour by hour mere manual dexterity at the expense of the mind's activity."

The reason, then, that art was intended to be an expression of life was that, by so being, it might sweeten and render tolerable the lives of the toilers of the nation. Some indeed there are who hold that art is the pursuit of the beautiful, from which also they conclude that it is the perquisite of a select few. If art were of such trivial importance as that, it would not be worth troubling about; and assuredly I, for one, would not waste my time over it. Art is important, not for what it is to connoisseurs and cliques, but for what it is to working men and women. Vitality, not beauty—or, at least, vitality first and indispensably, and beauty only second and by accident—should be the order of the cultivation of art. We know what happens when that order is reversed. We are all familiar with the air of those beings whose æsthetic susceptibilities have appeared to them worthy of independent culture. Just as the aspect, and even the very clothes, so squalid and so ugly, of our working classes seem to whisper "cut off from art," so the aspect and expression, the mincing accent, and anæmic affectations of the art lovers, and even, too, the very garments in which they are clad, seem dolefully to murmur "cut off from life." I confess that to me the conversation of people who are "interested in art" seems chiefly significant as measuring the degree of artificiality and general futility to which the whole subject descends as soon as it is divided from life. In this respect certainly their testimony may be of value. They bring us back to the point we have to face, to the constraining need, namely, that art and life have of each other. So long as it maintains its hold upon life, whatever its æsthetic merit may chance to be, art is itself preparing its own development; for during all this time, by the exercise it affords men's nobler faculties, it is tending to ennoble life; and the more ennobled life becomes, the more nearly will the expression of that life in art approach the beautiful.

I know what I shall be told. I shall be told that such reasoning is very well as theory, but that it is unreal; that it is not related to the circumstances of the age; that we are living in the twentieth century, not in the thirteenth; and that it behoves us to deal with the circumstances of art and life in which we are actually placed. Such phrases have an emancipated, up-to-date ring about them, and impose on their users the belief that they are very remarkable and intrepid thinkers. But it is a delusion. They are not thinkers at all. They are the slaves of circumstances; of things as they are. It is the whole province and proper function of thought to amend and alter circumstances; to bring them into conformity with ideas; and those who say: "Your idea may be true, but we must conform to circumstances," far from being emancipated, are in that worst state of bondage, the bondage of the mind. There are truths which no circumstances can overcome. It is an everlasting truth that labour is degraded unless it is creative. It is another everlasting truth that art is only vigorous and vital as long as it is sustained and inspired, and kept in touch with national ideals and convictions, through the co-operation of craftsmanship and all forms of creative work. Labour is the life of art; art is the dignity and joy of labour. No pretence that these things are not so, or turning our backs upon them, or extolling the signs of our own decadence, will make them other than they are. If in these days the two have been disjoined, and both are suffering the inevitable consequences, then the more clearly we realise what has come upon us the better will be our chance of restoring that connection between life and art the severance of which has cost us so dear.

There is no reason to exaggerate the difficulty of such a task. It is only our saying it is impossible which makes it impossible. Let us point out to the reader a comforting fact. When life and art are severed, the implication is that life is undergoing certain fundamental revolutions or reconstructions in itself; for when this takes place, the image which art was reflecting is distorted and broken up and becomes so jumbled and confused that it is impossible to render a coherent impression of it. Life in those moments of transition can make no effective use of art,

because, having reached no definite conclusion itself, it has as yet nothing definite to say. Hence the troubles and evils we have been speaking of. Life is not using art; that is the source of all the mischief. But if the reason life is not using art is that it is busy over changes of its own, then a hope is implied for the future. For these changes, too, when they are complete, will presumably demand the right of expression, and, brought to bear upon art, will once more inspire it with a coherent message. Such changes are constructive as well as destructive. They render obsolete and futile the old forms of art; but even while they do so, they are arranging life itself after a pattern which the art of the future shall portray.

Is life undergoing any such process of change at the present moment, and if it is, what is its character? These are questions to which I shall hope to return in a future article. But this let me say: we are all more or less aware, difficult as it is to gauge revolutions when one is in the midst of them, of the strong democratic tendency of this age; and although many regard this tendency as a mere matter of politics, capable of being corrected by a general election and the swing of the pendulum, yet I cannot but fancy that those are more likely to be right in their reckoning who, looking east and west and observing signs of the same spirit over the world, conclude that the revolution of which we see so many signs and indications goes deep into the mind and life of the age. If it does, if we are really embarked upon the reconstruction of democracy, then it will at once occur to the reader, since we look for remedy for the present state of things to the initiative of creative labour, that the new order of society may supply such a remedy. Let me here observe in conclusion that every class and all political parties are equally concerned in the right settlement of the subject. Every social revolution carries with it some danger, and naturally among those blessed with large possessions there is a certain amount of uneasiness and anxiety as regards the line which democratic initiative may take in the future. This, as we tell each other, is a material age, and material gains, more than any other, are valued and appreciated. What more natural than that classes near to destitution, yet armed with political power, should help themselves to the coveted

accumulations of others? This is no doubt a danger, but many a blow may be diverted which cannot be met directly. If I were privileged to be an adviser of Conservatives, I would say to them, "Go forth every one of you and place yourselves at the head of every art and crafts society, guild revival, village industry, or other movement of the kind connected with the renewal of the creative sense in labour, which you can discover in your neighbourhood. Seek out all educational activities of like endeavour in the great cities of England, and to the utmost of your power extend the sphere of their operations. With such a position as yours, such wealth as yours, such control of the market and of fashion as you possess, it may be that your influence, if backed by genuine and patriotic sympathy, on the whole labour-and-art situation may prove decisive. Do this, and you may yet nip the democratic peril in the bud. You may yet teach the struggling artisan to look for felicity not to your guineas, but to his own tools. Every glance of attention, every thought, every least manifestation of interest directed towards his work, is so much deducted from his predatory appetite!" I say that this is the only safe course. First to deprive the working classes of all artistic ideals and then to endow them with plenary political power is to run a risk which no possessing class may prudently incur. But the remedy is present. By seconding every effort to restore their ideals to the workers, you will inculcate the fundamental truth that the dignity and happiness of a working man's life consist in nothing that he can beg, borrow, or steal, or otherwise acquire of material goods, but in the nature of his work itself and in its influence upon his life and character.

In these days of everlasting party hostility, it is well to insist on this. Everyone not possessed and eaten up by the spirit of partisanship must be aware that profound elements of truth and usefulness must exist at the root of both the systematised ideals which govern English politics. Liberalism stands for the idea which, ever since the barbaric invasions, has been the strongest, most constant incentive in the history of Europe, and especially in the history of this country: the idea of a population acted upon in all its degrees, and at once stimulated and sobered

by the duties of self-government and the responsibilities of fully realised political authority. Conservatism stands for social stability and that capacity for devotion and a sense of the holiness of things which tend to the security of our institutions and even to the preservation of our national identity. Swiftness of intelligence is the chief Liberal asset; staunchness of character the chief Conservative. What I would point out is that the cause I am here advocating should have equally the support of both. It should have the support of the Liberal side, because it is impossible for workers to be really free unless their work is free also. Freedom of work consists in the right of work to be creative, to be guided by the prompting of its own perception, its own accumulated knowledge, its own traditions. Perhaps when the Liberal party has freed all classes, it will begin to think about freeing work too. That will be the greatest enfranchisement of all, and, as an essential portion of the gospel of liberty, it belongs intimately to English Liberalism.

But so also does it belong to Conservatism: and that for the reason I have spoken of, namely, because the contentment of labour, which is essential to social security and therefore a primary Conservative consideration, is to be secured by restoring to labour its creative right, and by no other means in the world. Let me ask both sides to cast their eyes back to the early stages of our national history. How fared it with art, I would ask the Liberals, in the days when freedom first asserted itself, and boroughs and townships, garrisoned with free burghers and rife with virile independence, were rising through the length and breadth of the land? In those days, the answer is, art itself was a main factor in the struggle for liberty. The very guilds that held the men together in the prosecution of their crafts combined themselves expressly in defence of their privileges as citizens. Every kind of creative work, every object fashioned by the hand of man, bore in those days the impress of the freedom of labour. Nor was it an accident that this movement of free labour should coincide with the outburst of the spirit of freedom in citizenship; for both sprang out of the same impulse of the mind, and both were secured and perfected by the same organisations.

This I would say to the Liberal: Never will his ideal

triumph unless to the notion of a free workman he adds the notion of free work. The two are inseparable. But also, I would ask the Conservative, When was it that your ideal also was most fully realised? When was it that the social structure was firmest, the people's ranks most orderly, the baronial and knightly classes most honoured and least envied? At the very same moment that we have just been speaking of, at the moment when the people and their work were freest and when in consequence the whole mass of the labour of the country was able to support a rational pride and due sense of dignity in the ranks of the workers, and working men looked for advancement and prosperity and fame to their own profession and the estimation of their fellows. Carpenters and blacksmiths envied no man when their own crafts initiated them into forms of knowledge which were held in honour and esteem by their fellow citizens. The best way of arresting covetousness is to content a man with his own position. This Conservatism has to learn. It would find it much easier to "keep the people in their place" (to adopt one of its phrases) if that place could be made to appeal in some degree to the instincts and character of a free people.

Fighting

By Patrick MacGill

YEARS ago, before a series of accidents led me to change my occupation from navvying to unskilled labour of a new kind, to wit, journalism, I met Moleskin Joe. At that time I was a labourer and Joe was a tramp-navvy; I was a youth of nineteen, Joe was a man or thirty—or more. "Perhaps I'm on the graveyard side of thirty," he often told me. He did not know the date of his birth, not even the year that first saw him. "It doesn't matter, anyhow," he said. "Death will not miss me when the time comes." Joe was a philosopher, a humorist, and a fighter, and the burden of life lay easily on his broad shoulders. He spent half the nights of his life in the open air, sleeping by the road-side under some sheltering hedge; glad when the weather was warm and dry, and not very discomfited when it was wet and chilly.

When and where Joe became my mate is not to be told here; that is a story in itself. Suffice to say that I slept with him out of doors for many nights, worked with him in many places, tramped with him for miles when in search of work, shared his bread and tobacco as he shared mine, and found in him a true friend, better than whom no man could desire.

Five years ago Moleskin Joe and I worked in the Scottish Highlands at the big aluminium factory then in process of construction at Kinlochleven. In those days Kinlochleven was not the snug little town that it is now. For miles around there were then no houses; nothing but the deserted glens, the naked mountains, the monotonous moors stretching away ever so far, bearing on their bosoms boulders of rugged rocks, treacherous quagmires and spongy morasses.

When Sir John Jackson took the contract to establish

conduits and pipe tracks in Kinlochleven, thousands of navvies flocked up from England and the lowlands of Scotland. Day and night the uncouth, unkempt pioneers of labour flocked to the North; the roads were crowded with navvies; hungry, ragged, and footsore, they hurried to their toil, tramping on and on during the day, sleeping during the night by the roadside, begging their bread from roadside cottages, and stealing when and wherever they could. With the rest, Moleskin Joe and I went North.

What a vast assembly of men there were in Kinlochleven! All kinds of curious individuals could be met in the lonely place; green hands over from Ireland, broken-down actors, younger sons who had lived life riotously, lawyers, doctors, sons of clergymen; all failures; Englishmen, Germans, and Poles, all sorts and conditions of men were there.

Improvised wooden shacks were rapidly erected. Usually the roofs were leaky, the floors wet, and springs oozed up through the makeshift planking, and the cold winds of the North were eternally whistling between the driven wooden piles which served for walls. Each shack contained several bunks, ranged round the compartment and built in three tiers, one above another, and sometimes three men lay in each bunk. A large sheet-iron stove, known as a hotplate, served for heating and cooking purposes in each shack. The buildings of this mushroom navvy city seen at a distance looked as if they had dropped by accident from the sky and were allowed to stand just as they had fallen.

But even in those days and in Kinlochleven there was scope for private enterprise, and some of the gangers built shacks at their own expense, fitted them with beds, supplied hotplates and a few blankets, and lodged—at a price—the men who worked under them. Red Billy Davis was the ganger under whom Moleskin and I worked. He was nicknamed "Red" on account of his hair, and when he was angry the bristles of his beard stood out straight from his chin. One of the shacks, a very large one, containing some thirty bunks, belonged to Red Billy Davis. Another shack directly opposite, but some distance away from ours, belonged to a ganger, Ramsay—and Billy and Ramsay could never agree. The feeling of dislike gradually spread

from the gangers to the men; the navvies in one shack began to mistrust those in another, and it was predicted that one day there would be a great flare up between Ramsay's workers and the workers under Red Billy Davis.

Distrust was in the air; the men waited tensely for the coming fight, and Joe and I longed eagerly for the day or night when the mutual dislike and distrust of the shacks would find expression in one great rousing free fight amongst the navvies.

The fight took place. This was the way of it.

One afternoon in early spring, when Moleskin and I were working together in the dead end of a cutting, a man on whom I had never set eyes before came up to us. He was well over six foot in height, his nose was flattened as if by a blow, two of his front teeth were broken, and the rest were coloured a dirty yellow by tobacco-juice. His shoulders were round, and as he had a stoop they were almost on a level with his ears. His shirt-sleeves were turned far up, and we could see the long, lean arms with the muck of many a shift caked brown on the skin. They looked for all the world like brown branches of a tree with knobs at the ends. These knobs were the fists.

"Moleskin Joe, are you as good a man as you were on the night you challenged me to fight in Moran's model lodging-house in Glasgow?" were the first words that the stranger spoke. "If you are, I would put meself out of the way just to oblige you, Moleskin. I'm a very kindly fellow in that way."

"All right, Macready," answered my mate, jumping out of the pit and on to the bank. The two of them met on the top, started belting one another with their fists, and never a word passed between them. I lit my pipe and went up beside them, for I always liked to see a fight in which Moleskin Joe took part.

There were no rules concerning the contest, kicking, butting, biting; all means were legal. At the end of five minutes Joe hit Macready a dunt in the stomach and knocked him stiff.

"That one in the guts will settle him for a while," said my mate, turning to me. We went back to our work together, leaving the defeated man lying quietly on the bank.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Macready," answered Joe.

"But who is Macready?"

"You've never heard of Macready?" said Joe, in an incredulous voice.

"Never," I said.

"Well, of all the mates I ever did graft with, you take the bun! You haven't heard of Macready?"

"Never," I repeated, feeling quite ashamed of my ignorance.

"Macready's a rum one," explained Joe; "a damned rum one, and he has hashed it in all the big jobs of this country for long and manys a day. He's neither afraid of God, death, devil, destruction, or—me. He'll fight me again to-morrow, for he's the man that won't give in. Whenever he gets a lot of his own kidney together, he bosses them; and I suppose he'll be trying that dodge on here too. He was workin' down in England, but he's here now, and in Ramsay's shack, and there's a lot of tough customers in the same dirty hole. I'll bet a pair of knee-straps against your chance of hell that Macready will rouse Ramsay's shack now, and then there'll be trouble. They'll come stormin' down on top of us some night like red, roarin' bulls, and there'll be skin and hair flyin' that night when it comes. . . . Never heard tell of Macready! Well, you are a greenhorn!"

Over the rim of the bank the body of the vanquished fighter was perfectly visible. Suddenly the figure moved convulsively, then stood upright and shouted to my mate:

"By God! Moleskin, you'll pay for this!" it shouted; "damned soon, and damned sharp, too, at that! Mind, I said it." Then Macready took himself off, rubbing his stomach vigorously as he walked.

It was late on the same night before we heard anything further about the matter. I had gone to bed, leaving Moleskin sitting beside the hotplate, smoking a short clay pipe and sewing a patch on his only pair of trousers. Whenever he happened to run the needle through one of his fingers he swore, and he swore between every puff of smoke from his pipe. He sat stark naked, warming himself; for Joe allowed that a good sweating heat at the heel of the day was the best tonic for any man. The naphtha lamp

hanging from the roof of the shack smelt awfully. A pile of wet and worn clothes hung near the hotplate, and these were safe from thieves because they were not worth the risk entailed in stealing them. The smell of the steaming garments reminded me of rainy days when the dye of my cap used to run down my face and enter my mouth. If the dye is not swallowed it does no harm, but if it slips down the throat a very uneasy feeling is experienced at the pit of the stomach. I was thinking of these things and the smell of the drying clothes was in my nostrils. Most of the inmates of the shack were asleep. In the far corner of the hut a man snored loudly. Joe rose to his feet, emptied a billy of water on the snorer's face, and scrambled into bed beside me.

"Who the devil did that?" asked the sleeper, jumping up in bed and looking savagely around. "If I knew who it was——"

Seeing that it was useless to get angry, he pulled out the trousers which were under his pillow and dried his face.

"That be damned for a trick!" he growled, and turned to sleep again.

"Who was the last person to go to bed?" I asked my mate.

"Me, I suppose," said Joe, taking the hint and slipping out of bed for the purpose of extinguishing the lamp. Just as he touched cold earth, a wild noise arose outside and some heavy instrument struck against the door with a loud crash.

"By God! it's Macready!" roared Moleskin. As if in answer to his words a second crash was heard, and one-half of the door was shoved backwards into the hut. A long, ragged beam followed and dropped endwise to the floor, where it stood for a moment before falling flat across the hotplate. Sure enough, Macready and his men were attacking the hut.

"Hi! get up there!" shouted Moleskin to the men in the shack. I was already at his side. "All Ramsay's men are outside, and they're goin' to knock blazes out of us! Put on your boots, every man of you, if you don't want to get tramped to death in the fight. Pick up your belts, you snorin' whelps, and give the buckle ends tons of play!"

I groped around for my boots. Joe had one on already, and was pulling the other over his foot hurriedly. I managed to get my legs into my trousers; the rest of the party were busily engaged in dressing themselves. In less than a minute we were all ready and waiting at the door for the first rush of the enemy. Save for his boots, Joe was as naked as on the day when he was born; I had my trousers and boots on; no one was fully dressed, trousers and bluchers were the principal articles of apparel.

We all lined up to the door, and, as befitted a certain fame which I had earned as a fighter, I was amongst the leading figures who waited for the fight. The spirit of the event had hold of me, and I would not have changed places with anybody in the world just then. Moleskin stood beside me; I could feel his warm shoulder rubbing against mine, and the rest of the inmates were ranged tightly behind us.

At that instant the remaining half of the door was thrown open, and we had a moment's space to look out and take stock of our attackers before the struggle commenced. The light of the naphtha lamp at our backs slanted across our heads and shone full in the faces of the men who had come to help Macready in the fight. Most of them were drunk; there was a shining look in their eyes, and they had the appearance of demons marshalled together before embarking upon some foul errand. Over their heads they waved cudgels and pick-handles, and they swore without purpose or remorse. Behind them and far down the hollow of the hill we could hear the sound of exploding dynamite and see the lamps of the men who were out on the night-shift gleaming through the darkness.

Macready was in front, his brown face and broken nose looking brutish and savage in the half-light. For a moment there was a pause, and the two parties eyed one another silently.

I started the fight. I edged out towards Macready, and when I found arm-room I swung my belt buckle for his jaw. He took the blow on his pick-handle and aimed with his boot for my stomach. I slipped out of the way of the toe-iron, and a man behind me received the blow on his shin. Moleskin's white body leaped through the air and fastened on to Macready, and the fight was in full

swing. The men rushed us from the outside, and for the space of a moment we gave way, unable to withstand the wild fury of drunkenness. I closed with some person, another struck me, and I went to the floor holding on to my man tooth and nail.

Someone hit the lamp with a belt, and it came to the floor and went out, leaving us only the red glow of the hotplate to light the scene of the struggle.

The man with whom I had closed and fallen fastened on to my throat with long, steely fingers and dug his knees into my chest, trying to crush the life out of my body. His face was near to mine, and I could smell the odour of whisky off his breath. His fingers closed tighter and tighter on my throat. He was trying to choke me, but I never cried out; I would have stiffened out in death before I asked the man for mercy.

"I'll sort you, you damned skunk!" he cried loudly several times. I was mad with anger; I did not care what would happen, and my right hand was sliding along the ground towards his ear. At last I gripped it, and pulled fiercely, almost wishing in my heart that the ear would come off his head in the way that a leaf is pulled from a tree. He loosened the hold on my throat, but at that instant somebody hit me on the elbow, and I had to release the grip on my opponent. I immediately sought for a new hold, and fastened my teeth below the man's bare elbow, biting deeply until I could feel the flesh giving way and my teeth resting on the bone of the arm. He yelled with pain. I bit harder, crunching the flesh like a dog. Two other combatants fell over us, and my teeth relaxed their grip, allowing my enemy to struggle free and regain his feet. I rose and followed, but lost him in the darkness of the hut.

I rushed madly forward, looking for a man on whom I could fasten. Nearly everybody was engaged, and it was difficult to find an opponent. All around me belts were singing through the air, and buckles shone like silver when the light of the hotplate caught them. I ran full tilt against a man who was swinging his arms about like flails in a threshing barn and hitting everyone with whom he came in contact. One of his fists landed on my face; I replied with a hard jab on his chest. He grunted twice,

spit, and then swore. I had been fighting Red Billy Davis, our ganger.

"What the devil are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm clearin' out the whole shack!" he answered. "Ye're all scoundrels, damned scoundrels. The shack that I spent all my money in building! Damned scoundrels!" And the flails threshed onwards towards the door.

I could see the hotplate glowing red like a setting sun on a dark day. Against it could be observed the forms of the men, who, filled with the old primordial fury of the animal world, guzzled one another like beasts. Suddenly one of these forms clutched another and lifted it into the air. Then a man dropped bodily on the hotplate. He squealed like a pig.

"Pull him off!" someone shouted. "He'll be roasted alive!"

"Leave him there," said another. "He's one of Macready's men."

The fellow, however, managed to draw himself clear, and I could smell his burning clothes as he rushed from the hut into the open. A smell like that of burnt wool suddenly pervaded the apartment. It was the smell of fried human flesh.

All at once I heard old Billy howl near me. Somebody was attacking him. I grabbed the attacker by the back of the neck and pressed my thumbs under both his ears until he allowed Red Billy to go free. At that moment I got into a crush where a dozen or more men jostled one another in a corner of the room near the beds. It took me near five minutes to pull myself clear, and when I came out into the open a singing buckle caught me on the eyebrow. The wound it left did not heal for months afterwards. Another blow followed, this time from a fist, and I fell headlong to the floor and slipped across a sweating and naked body. Moleskin Joe lay under me. I rose to my knees and made an effort to help him to his feet, fearing as I did so that he was badly wounded.

"Damn you, Flynn! leave me alone!" he snarled. "Don't you see that I'm on the top of Macready." I did not see, but I left him alone.

I could hear the sticks, belts, and cudgels swishing replies to one another as I stood for a moment to take my breath. My abdomen heaved frankly, and I gulped down mighty mouthfuls of air. Seats were getting overturned and dragged through the hut on the feet of the fighters; bunks were wrenched apart and the wooden supports used as weapons of offence and defence. Men fell to the floor and were tramped upon by their friends and enemies alike. I tramped over the broken naphtha lamp many several times in many several places. It had done the circuit of the cabin more than once, and at last it was kicked under the bed, where it lay along with one of Macready's men who had been knocked down and who was too drunk to regain his feet.

When the fight started, some of Red Billy's men were naked to the buff, most of them were naked to the waist; now nearly every man was nude to the ankles, for the clothes of the attackers and attacked had been torn into shreds in the early stages of the struggle. It was now almost impossible to tell friend from foe, and the fighters darted hither and thither calling to one another: "Ramsay or Davis?"

While I was drawing my breath a man lurched up to me.

"Ramsay or Davis?" he roared.

"Davis!" I answered, and held myself alert. The man responded by a blow to my ear. I sprang on his shoulders and bore him to the ground, where we both rolled together. A heavy boot struck me on the knee and my enemy on the mouth. I rose, quivering with pain; the man on whom I had fastened rolled over, spitting out his teeth on the floor.

A rush was made towards the hotplate, and another man—one of the attackers—was thrown on the red-hot iron, where the heat of his passion was rapidly cooled. He ran from the shack, yelling like a madman the moment he got clear.

"Out of the shack with them!" roared Red Billy, as the smell of the roast flesh again reached his nostrils. "It's too late in the night to start fryin'."

"Out of the shack with them!" roared our party in one voice.

"Where's Macready?" I shouted. "He has soon got tired of the fight."

"If you'll light the lamp, you'll see him stiff on the floor," came the voice of Moleskin in response.

The attackers lost heart at this announcement.

"We'll slide!" I shouted, pretending that I was one of Ramsay's men, and immediately there was a rush for the door. We lined up and tripped the fugitives as they passed by.

"Get hold of this!" I cried to Red Billy, and handed him the end of my belt. "Now stand on the other side of the doorway and hold the belt near the floor."

Red Billy obeyed, and we tripped the fugitives with the belt until the fallen were piled in a heap outside the door. They stumbled over one another, rose to their feet again, were thrown down as they rose, and thus they kept rising and falling until a final kick sent each of them out defeated into the night. Macready, who was unconscious, and the man who was still snoring by the broken lamp were the last two persons who left our shack. Instead of being thrown through the doorway head foremost, they were kept in the shack until they recovered. Then they were stripped naked and sent out to rejoin their defeated mates in Ramsay's shack. Thus was the fight ended.

When the shack was cleared we surveyed the scene of the midnight struggle. Everything was in disorder; the seats were broken, the beds were pulled apart, blankets and sheets had been trampled into the muck of the floor, and our clothes were torn to ribbons and plastered with splashes of blood and slush all over. Some tried to count their wounds, and gave it up in disgust; their bodies were ripped and torn from head to foot.

For myself my eyebrow was split open, my upper lip cut in two places, my throat felt tender and sore, and my arm was almost powerless owing to the kick which I had received on the elbow at the beginning of the fight. Everyone showed their scars; everyone felt proud of the fight—everyone but Red Billy Davis. When the shack was cleared he threw himself down on the only intact bunk, every bristle on his face and every hair on his head standing out like the "quills upon the fretful porcupine," and cursed Moleskin, Macready, and everybody else who

was concerned in the quarrel and the destruction of the furniture of the shack.

But we heeded him not. We sat round the hotplate and discussed the fight from every point of view. Half-naked, bleeding, wounded, and dirty, we sat there and talked until the grey dawn drifted through the chinks of the shack and dimmed the naphtha lamp.

Then we prepared our breakfasts and got ready for the work of the day.

The Confessions of the Viceroy of the Union

By J. G. Swift MacNeill, K.C., M.P.

Sir Arthur Paget, the present Commander of the Forces in Ireland, in a speech, before "the Curragh incident," alluded to the duties of a soldier in relation to the Civil Power, and pointedly referred to the career in Ireland of the Marquis Cornwallis, the military Lord Lieutenant of the Union. The topic thus broached led me to think that a sketch of Lord Cornwallis drawn by himself of his position as Lord Lieutenant and Commander of the Forces in Ireland and the head of an Irish Government, with which the carrying of the legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland was a cardinal policy, may be of interest.

The despatches and the private correspondence of Lord Cornwallis furnish us with abundant means of seeing his picture of himself, of his surroundings, of the state of the country at the time the Union was carried, and of the motives of the promoters and supporters of that measure.

The very dangerous situation in Ireland produced by the insurrection of 1798 led the Government to the conclusion that the office of Lord Lieutenant and the office of Commander-in-Chief should be united in the person of some skilful and popular General. Lord Cornwallis, who in spite of the disaster of York Town was regarded as the ablest of the English Generals in the American War, was induced to accept the double office which had a year previously been unsuccessfully pressed upon him. He arrived in Dublin on June 20th, 1798, charged with the task of quelling the insurrection which was then practically at an end, and effecting a Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

Lord Cornwallis was shocked with the excesses of the Loyalist Party and the atrocities perpetrated on their defeated foes. He gives the following description of the

horrors enacting around him, of his efforts to terminate the reign of terror which were construed as signs of weakness, and of the Irish politicians whom he was commissioned to impress with the benefits likely to arise from a Union, and the tone of public opinion in Castle circles of his time.

We will let him speak for himself. Ten days after his arrival in Dublin Castle, Lord Cornwallis wrote to the Duke of Portland a letter marked "Private," to be, of course, placed before the British Cabinet—the Duke being the medium of communication between the British and the Irish Governments:—

"The accounts that you see of the numbers of the enemy destroyed in every action are, I conclude, greatly exaggerated, from my own knowledge of military affairs. I am sure that a very small proportion of them only could be killed in battle, and I am much afraid that any man in a brown coat who is found within several miles of the field of action is butchered without discrimination. It shall be one of my first objects to soften the ferocity of our troops, which I am afraid, in the Irish Corps at least, is not confined to the private soldier." (Cornwallis Correspondence II., p. 355.)

"The violence of our friends and their folly in endeavouring to make it (the Irish insurrection) a religious war, added to the ferocity of our troops, who delight in murder, most powerfully counteract all the plans of conciliation. The life of a Lord Lieutenant comes up to my idea of perfect misery, but if I can accomplish the great object of consolidating the British Empire I shall be sufficiently rewarded." (July 1st, 1798.)

"The Irish Militia are totally without discipline, contemptible before the enemy when any serious resistance is made to them, but ferocious and cruel in the extreme when any poor wretches, either with or without arms, come within their power; in short, murder appears to be their favourite pastime. . . . The principal persons of this country and members of both Houses of Parliament are, in general, averse to all acts of clemency; and although they do not express, and perhaps are too much heated to see the effects which their violence must produce, would pursue measures

that could only terminate in the extirpation of the greater number of the inhabitants and in the utter destruction of the country. The words Papists and Priests are for ever in their mouths, and by their unaccountable policy they would drive four-fifths of the community into irreconcilable rebellion." (Cornwallis to Portland, July 8th, 1798.) "Although there is no enemy to oppose a large body of our troops in the field, we are still engaged in a war of plunder and massacre." (July 9th, 1798.)

In a letter to Mr. Pitt, when he was just a month in Ireland to the very day, Lord Cornwallis thus speaks of the prospects of a legislative Union:—

"If the rebellion should now be completely subdued, there remains much to be done to put this country into a tolerable state of security, and how or when to bring forward or even to broach the great point of ultimate settlement is a matter in which I cannot see the most distant encouragement. The two or three people whom I have ventured in the most cautious manner to sound say it must not be mentioned now, that this is a time of too much danger to agitate such a question, but if a period of safety should come when (nomination Parliamentary) Boroughs will be considered as a sure property, and all good jobs again appear within our grasp, that moment will not, I am afraid, be found propitious for expecting those sacrifices which must be required. Convinced as I am that it is the only measure which can ever preserve this country, I will never lose sight of it, and happy shall I be if that fortunate opportunity should ever arise when we may neither think ourselves in too much danger, nor in too much security to suffer its production." (July 20th, 1798.)

In a letter to his intimate friend, General Ross, Lord Cornwallis says:—

"There is no law either in town or country but martial law, and you know enough of that to see all the horrors of it even in the best administration of it. Judge, then, how it must be conducted by Irishmen heated with passion and revenge. But all this is trifling compared with the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever. The

Yeomanry are in the style of the Loyalists in America, only much more numerous and powerful, and a thousand times more ferocious. These men have saved the country, but now they take the lead in rapine and murder. The Irish Militia, with few officers, and those chiefly of the worst kind, follow closely on the heels of the Yeomanry in murder and every kind of atrocity, and the Fencibles take a share, although much behindhand with the others. The feeble outrages, burnings, and murders, which are still committed by the Rebels, serve to keep up the sanguinary disposition on our side; and as long as they furnish a pretext for our parties going in quest of them, I see no prospect of amendment. The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage this system of blood; and the conversation even at my table, where you will suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, &c., &c.; and if a priest has been put to death, the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company."

Lord Cornwallis thus estimates his own Viceroyalty in a letter to General Ross:—

"My conduct hitherto has got me abused by both sides, as might naturally be expected, being too coercive for the one and too lenient for the other. I trust, however, it will terminate advantageously for the country, and consequently with satisfaction to myself." (July 29th, 1798.)

Lord Cornwallis, on August 31st, 1798, was constrained to issue the following general order:—"It is with very great concern that Lord Cornwallis finds himself obliged to call on the General Officers and the Commanding Officers of Regiments in particular, and in general on the Officers of the Army, to assist him in putting a stop to the licentious conduct of the troops, and in saving the wretched inhabitants from being robbed and in the most shocking manner ill-treated by those to whom they had a right to look for safety and protection."

It should not be forgotten that throughout Lord Cornwallis's Lord Lieutenancy, and from the time the subject of the Union was first authoritatively declared to be a Government measure until it was enacted, Ireland was under martial law. On September 26th, 1799, when the

proposal of the Union, which had been rejected in the January of that year, was being prepared for the acceptance of the Irish Parliament under conditions more beneficial to the legislators than in its earlier form, Lord Cornwallis thus writes to Lord Castlereagh:—"The same wretched business of Courts Martial, hanging, transporting, &c., attended by all the dismal scenes of wives, sisters, fathers kneeling and crying, is going on as usual, and holds out a comfortable prospect for a man of my feelings."

Having given these quotations, taken almost at haphazard from Lord Cornwallis's correspondence, showing his estimate of the conduct of the armed forces of the Crown in the persecution of 1798, and the interval between that episode and the passing of the Act of Union, I will now proceed to quote his appreciation of his office as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of the persons with whom he was negotiating for the passage of the Union, and of the methods by which that measure was carried. It is quite clear that he felt the measure was one whose proposal could not be carried with enthusiasm. On August 10th, 1798, he writes to General Ross:—"People's minds are getting cooler, and I have no doubt of their being sufficiently manageable for all ordinary purposes, but I do not know how they will be brought to act on the great measure of all, on the event of which the safety of Great Britain and Ireland so much depends."

To the Duke of Portland, on September 16th, 1798, Lord Cornwallis gives the following description of the Dublin Castle personages which have a present-day actuality:—"The principal personages here who have long been in the habit of directing the Councils of the Lords Lieutenants (*sic*) are perfectly well intentioned and entirely attached and devoted to the British connection, but they are blinded by their passions and prèjudices, talk of nothing but strong measures, and arrogate to themselves the exclusive knowledge of a country of which, from their mode of governing it, they have, in my opinion, proved themselves totally ignorant. To these men I have shown all civility and kindness in my power, and have done for them all ordinary favours which they have asked. But I am afraid they are not satisfied with me, because I have not thrown myself blindly into their hands."

Writing to General Ross on December 12th, 1798, Lord

Cornwallis says :—" Do not think that because I am placed in the land of jobs that I am become a jobber. . . . I think from the folly, obstinacy, and gross corruption which pervade every corner of this island that it is impossible that it can be saved from destruction." On January 21st, 1799. the day before the first introduction of the measure of the Union, which was then defeated in the Irish Parliament, Lord Cornwallis writes to General Ross :—" Here I am embarked in all my troubles and employed in a business which is ill-suited to my taste, and for which I am afraid I am not qualified. We think ourselves tolerably strong as to numbers, but so little confidence is to be placed in professions, and people change their opinions here with so little ceremony, that no man who knows them can feel quite at ease on that subject. The demands of our friends rise in proportion to the appearance of strength on the other side, and you, who know how I detest a job, will be sensible of the difficulties which I must often have to keep my temper; but, still, the object is great, and perhaps the salvation of the British Empire may depend upon it. I shall, therefore, as much as possible, overcome my detestation of the work in which I am engaged and march on steadily to my point."

After the defeat of the Union proposals, Lord Cornwallis writes to the Duke of Portland, on January 26th, 1799 :—" The late experiment has shown the impossibility of carrying a measure which is contrary to the private interest of those who are to decide upon it, and which is not supported by the voice of the country at large."

Lord Cornwallis was, as we have seen, a subject of severe strictures for his lenity in the Irish administration. He thus defends himself to General Ross on April 15th, 1799, and in the same letter describes the attitude of the Irishmen of light and leading towards the Union :—" You write as if you really believe there was any foundation for all the lies and nonsensical clamour about my lenity. On my arrival in this country I put a stop to the burning of houses and murder of the inhabitants by the Yeomen or any other persons who delighted in that amusement, to the flogging for the purpose of extorting confessions, and the free quarters which comprehended universal rape and robbery throughout the whole country. . . . The Speaker

has made a speech suitable to the temper and understanding of his audience, and has made a very powerful anti-Union impression. You must not be too sanguine on your side of the water about the success of that great measure. The people in general here have no fixed principles or opinions, and a man who will acknowledge in the month of April that nothing but a Union can save Ireland, is very likely to give his vote against it in May."

In a letter to his brother, the Bishop of Lichfield, Lord Cornwallis thus writes on April 27th, 1799, in the bitterness of his heart:—"Our politicians of the old leaven are as much occupied with their dirty jobs as ever. Those who think at all of the great question of the Union confine their speculation to the simple question of its either promoting or counteracting their own private views, and the great mass of the people neither think nor care about the matter. Under these circumstances, you will easily conceive how unpleasant my situation must be, and how little I can flatter myself with the hopes of obtaining any credit for myself, or of rendering any essential services to my country. Sincerely do I repent that I did not return to Bengal." To General Ross, Lord Cornwallis writes on May 20th, 1799:—"The political jobbing of this country gets the better of me. It has ever been the wish of my life to avoid all this dirty business, and I am now involved in it beyond all bearing, and am consequently more wretched than ever. I trust that I shall live to get out of this most cursed of all situations, and most repugnant to my feelings. How I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court! If I did not hope to get out of this country, I should most earnestly pray for immediate death. No man, I am sure, ever experienced a more wretched existence, and, after all, I doubt whether it is possible to save the country."

On March 8th, 1799, the Lord Lieutenant again unbosomed himself to General Ross:—"My occupation is now of the most unpleasant nature, negotiating and jobbing with the most corrupt people under Heaven. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work, and am supported only by the reflection that without a Union the British Empire would be dissolved. When it is impossible to gratify the unreasoning demands of our

politicians, I often think of the lines of Swift, speaking of the Lord Lieutenant and the system of corruption—

> "And then up Beelzebub's black hall
> Complains his budget is too small."

In a letter to General Ross of June 19th, 1799, Lord Cornwallis gives us a specimen of the difficulties in which he was involved. "We have," he writes, "certainly been gaining ground in Parliamentary circles, and in obtaining county declarations (in favour of the Union) since the prorogation, but still I dare not venture to speak with great confidence. Lord Downshire holds at best very unsatisfactory language, and a man who has for many years exacted and enjoyed the exclusive patronage of the Crown in the provinces of the North must be a very formidable enemy. To court a proud, ill-tempered, violent fellow raised to any importance by the weakness of former Governments, and who, if he had the power, would in a week drive this wretched country again into rebellion, is a pill almost too bitter for me to swallow. . . . Nothing but a conviction that the Union is absolutely essential for the safety of the British Empire would make me endure the shocking task which is imposed on me."

Lord Cornwallis, to his honour, declined to entertain a proposal to send over 5,000 Russian mercenaries to Ireland in the interest of "law and order." "If," he writes on October 19th, 1799, "the Russians were to be sent over to us, their soldiers would be told that they were going to a country that was in a state of rebellion, and if any parties of them should be called upon to support some of our loyal but, in my opinion, indiscreet magistrates, who see no remedy for our evils but that of scouring the country and hunting down rebels (forgetful that they are creating more than they can possibly destroy), these troops, unacquainted with our language or with the nature of our Government, would give a loose to their natural ferocity, and a scene of indiscriminate plunder and murder must ensue. It would otherwise expose us to a clamour, which our enemies would most industriously excite, that the Union was to be forced upon this kingdom by the terror and bayonets of barbarians."

Lord Cornwallis thus sketches the difficulties in which

he is placed by his "loyal" friends. In a letter to General Ross on November 16th, 1799, he says:—"The greatest difficulty which I experience is to control the violence of our loyal friends, who would, if I did not keep the stoutest hand upon them, convert the system of martial law (which, God knows, is of itself bad enough) into a more violent and intolerable tyranny than that of Robespierre. The vilest informers are hunted out from the prisons to attack by the most barefaced perjury the lives of all who are suspected of being or of having been disaffected, and, indeed, every Roman Catholic of influence is in great danger. You will have seen by the addresses, both in the North and South, that my attempt to moderate that violence and cruelty which has once driven, and which, if tolerated, must again soon drive this wretched country into rebellion, is not reprobated by the voice of the country, although it has appeared so culpable in the eyes of absentees."

On December 28th, 1799, with the opening of the Irish Parliamentary Session in view, Lord Cornwallis writes to General Ross:—"It is a sad thing to be forced to manage knaves, but it is ten times worse to deal with fools. Between the one and the other I entertain every day more doubt of our success in the great question of Union. We have a lukewarm and, in some instances, an unwilling majority. The enemy have a bold and deeply interested minority, which will, I am afraid, even after our enemies are reckoned, run us much nearer than most people suspect."

While the Union was under consideration in the Irish House of Commons, Lord Cornwallis, on February 4th, 1800, writes to General Ross:—"God only knows how the business will terminate. But it is so hard to struggle against private interests and the pride and prejudices of a nation that I shall never feel confident of success until the Union is absolutely carried."

Again, on April 18th, 1800, Lord Cornwallis writes to General Ross:—"The nearer the great event approaches, the more are the needy and interested senators alarmed at the effects it may possibly have on the interests and provision for their families, and, I believe, *that half of our majority* would be, at least, as much delighted as our opponents if the measure could be defeated."

The Cornwallis Correspondence reveals demands for

money for bribing purposes, corrupt bargains for peerages, which the English Government, which had given the Lord Lieutenant a free hand, were at one time inclined not to ratify, and, at last, the feelings of disappointment and disgust experienced by Lord Cornwallis when he discovered that the question of Catholic emancipation, which he believed to be the inevitable sequel of the Union, for whose accomplishment he had participated in "dirty work," was not to be brought to a successful issue, owing to the antipathy of George III. to that policy. Lord Cornwallis, in a letter to General Ross on February 26th, 1801, confesses to the failure of his policy in Ireland because the Union had not been followed by the enfranchisement of the Roman Catholics, which was the specific object for which he had suffered so much and fallen so low in self-esteem in the work of uniting the legislatures of Great Britain and Ireland.

"They have not yet," he writes to General Ross, "been able to find a Lord Lieutenant, and the station at present requires a man of very superior qualities. Unless he will take the Government upon himself, or make himself independent of the influences which I resisted, and which ruined the administration of my predecessor, the country will be completely undone. It is too mortifying a reflection when all difficulties were surmounted, when Protestants and Catholics, Unionists and anti-Unionists, all joined in esteem and confidence towards the Government, and were softened into an acquiescence of surrendering their animosities and prejudices as a sacrifice to the public safety, that the fatal blow should be struck from the quarter most interested to avert it, and that Ireland is again to become a millstone about the neck of Britain, and to be plunged in all its former horrors and miseries."

The Irish correspondence of Lord Cornwallis is of great historic value as a record of the methods by which the Union was carried by one of its chief machinators, who in nearly every page laments his occupation and expresses his loathing abhorrence of the corrupt and dishonourable men whose services he felt himself compelled to utilise for the achievement of the measure for which he struggled under the mistaken belief that it would be the harbinger of union between Roman Catholic and Protestant by the

immediate passage of a measure of Catholic emancipation. O'Connell accused the Union of retarding Catholic emancipation, for which Lord Cornwallis devoted his energies in placing the Act of Union on the Statute Book for a generation. "But for the Union," he declared in 1843, "full and complete emancipation would have been conceded before 1803."

The Derelict

By H. M. Tomlinson

In a tramp steamer, which was overloaded, and in mid-winter, I had crossed to America for the first time. What we experienced of the western ocean during that passage gave me so much respect for it that the prospect of the return journey, three thousand miles of those seas between me and home, was a foreboding gloom. The shipping posters of New York, showing stately liners too lofty even to notice the Atlantic, were arguments good enough for steerage passengers, who do, I know, reckon a steamer's worth by the number of its funnels; but the pictures did nothing to lessen my regard for that dark outer world I knew. And having no experience of ships installed with racquet courts, Parisian *cafés*, swimming baths, and pergolas, I was naturally puzzled by the inconsequential behaviour of the first-class passengers at the hotel. They were leaving by the liner which was to take me, and, I gathered, were going to cross a bridge to England in the morning. Of course, this might have been merely the innocent profanity of the simple-minded.

Embarking at the quay next day, I could not see that our ship had either a beginning or an end. There was a blank wall which ran out of sight to the right and left. How far it went, and what it enclosed, were beyond me. Hundreds of us in a slow procession mounted stairs to the upper floor of a warehouse, and from thence a bridge led us to a door in the wall halfway in its height. No funnels could be seen. Looking straight up from the embarkation gangway, along what seemed the parapet of the wall was a row of far-off indistinguishable faces peering straight down at us. There was no evidence that this building we were entering, of which the high black wall was a part, was not an important and permanent feature of the city. It was in keeping with the magnitude of New York's

skyscrapers, which this planet's occasionally non-irritant skin permits to stand there to afford man an apparent reason to be gratified with his own capacity and daring.

But with the knowledge that this wall must be afloat there came no sense of security when, going through that little opening in its altitude, I found myself in a spacious decorated interior which hinted nothing of a ship, for I was puzzled as to direction. My last ship could be surveyed in two glances; she looked, and was, a comprehensible ship, no more than a manageable handful for an able master. In that ship you could see at once where you where and what to do. But in this liner you could not see where you were, and would never know which way to take unless you had a good memory. No understanding came to me in that hall of a measured and shapely body, designed with a cunning informed by ages of sea-lore to move buoyantly and surely among the ranging seas, to balance delicately, a quick and sensitive being, to every precarious slope, to recover a lost poise easily and with the grace natural to a quick creature controlled by an alert mind. There was no shape at all to this structure. I could see no line the run of which gave me warrant that it was comprised in the rondure of a ship. The lines were all of straight corridors, which, for all I knew, might have ended blindly on open space, as streets which traverse a city and are bare in vacancy beyond the dwellings. It was possible we were encompassed by walls, but only one wall was visible. There we idled, all strangers, and to remain strangers, in a large hall roofed by a dome of coloured glass. Quite properly, palms stood beneath. There were offices and doors everywhere. On a broad staircase a multitude of us wandered aimlessly up and down. Each side of the stairway were electric lifts, intermittent and brilliant apparitions. I began to understand why the saloon passengers thought nothing of the voyage. They were encountering nothing unfamiliar. They had but come to another hotel for a few days.

I attempted to find my cabin, but failed. A uniformed guide took care of me. But my cabin, curtained, upholstered, and warm, with mirrors and plated ware, sunk somewhere deeply among carpeted and silent streets down each of which the perspective of glow-lamps looked intermin-

able, left me still questioning. The long walk had given me a fear that I was remote from important affairs which might be happening beyond. My address was 323. The street-door—I was down a side-turning, though—bore that number. A visitor could make no mistake, supposing he could find the street and my side-turning. That was it. There was a very great deal in this place for everybody to remember, and most of us were strangers. No doubt, however, we were afloat, if the lifebelts in the rack meant anything. Yet the cabin, insulated from all noise, was not soothing, but disturbing. I had been used to a ship in which you could guess all that was happening even when in your bunk; a sensitive and communicative ship. A steward appeared at my door, a stranger out of nowhere, and asked whether I had seen a bag not mine in the cabin. He might have been created merely to put that question, for I never saw him again on the voyage. This liner was a large province having irregular and shifting bounds, permitting incontinent entrance and disappearance. All this should have inspired me with an idea of our vastness and importance, but it did not. I felt I was one of a multitude included in a nebulous mass too vague to hold together unless we were constantly wary.

In the saloon there was the solid furniture of rare woods, the ornate decorations, and the light and shadows making vague its limits and giving it an appearance of immensity, to keep the mind from the thought of our real circumstances. At dinner we had valentine music there, dreamy stuff to accord with the shaded lamps which displayed the tables in a lower roseous light. It helped to extend the mysterious and romantic shadows. The pale, disembodied masks of the waiters swam in the dusk above the tinted light. I had for a companion a vivacious American lady from the Middle West, and she look round that prospect we had of an expensive *café*, and said, "Well, but I am disappointed. Why, I've been looking forward to seeing the ocean, you know. And it isn't here."

"Smooth passage," remarked a man on the other side. "No sea at all worth mentioning." Actually, I know there was a heavy beam sea running before half-a-gale. I could guess the officer in charge somewhere on the exposed roof

might have another mind about it; but it made no difference to us in our circle of rosy intimate light bound by those vague shadows which were alive with ready servitude.

"And I've been reading 'Captains Courageous' with this voyage in view. Isn't this the month when the forties roar? I want to hear them roar, just once, you know, and as gently as any sucking dove." We all laughed. "We can't even tell we're in a ship."

She began to discuss Kipling's book. "There's some fine seas in that. Have you read it? But I'd like to know where that ocean is he pretends to have seen. I do believe the realists are no more reliable than the romanticists. Here we are a thousand miles out, and none of us have seen the sea yet. Tell me, does not a realist have to magnify his awful billows just to get them into his reader's view?"

I murmured something feeble and sociable. I saw then why sailors never talk directly of the sea. I, for instance, could not find my key at that moment—it was in another pocket somewhere—so I had no iron to touch. Talking largely of the sea is something like the knowing talk of young men about women; and what is a simple sailor man that he should open his mouth on mysteries?

Only on the liner's boat deck, where you could watch her four funnels against the sky, could you see to what extent the liner was rolling. The arc seemed to be considerable then, but slowly described. But the roll made little difference to the promenaders below. Sometimes they walked a short distance on the edges of their boots, leaning over as they did so, and swerving from the straight, as though they had turned giddy. The shadows formed by the weak sunlight moved slowly out of ambush across the white deck, but often moved indecisively, as though uncertain of a need to go; and then slowly went into hiding again. The sea whirling and leaping past was far below our wall side. It was like peering dizzily over a precipice when watching those green and white cataracts. The passengers, wrapped and comfortable on the lee deck, chatted as blithely as at a garden-party, while the band played medleys of national airs to suit our varied complexions. The stewards came round with loaded trays. A diminutive and wrinkled dame in costly furs frowned

through her golden spectacles at her book, while her maid sat attentively by. An American actress was the centre of an eager group of grinning young men; she was unseen, but her voice was distinct. The two Vanderbilts took their brisk constitutional among us as though the liner had but two real passengers though many invisible nobodies. The children, who had not ceased laughing and playing since we left New York, waited for the slope of the deck to reach its greatest, and then ran down towards the bulwarks precipitously. The children, happy and innocent, completed for us the feeling of comfortable indifference and security which we found when we saw there was more ship than ocean. The liner's deck canted slowly to leeward, went over more and more, beyond what it had done yet, and a pretty little girl with dark curls riotous from under her red tam o' shanter ran down, and brought up against us violently with both hands, laughing heartily. We laughed, too. Looking seawards I saw receding the broad green hill, snow-capped, which had lifted us and let us down. The sea was getting up.

Near sunset, when the billows were mounting express along our run, sometimes to leap and snatch at our upper structure, and were rocking us with some ease, there was a commotion forward. Books and shawls went anywhere as the passengers ran. Something strange was to be seen upon the waters.

It looked like a big log out there ahead, over the starboard bow. It was not easy to make out. The light was failing. We overhauled it rapidly, and it began to shape as a ship's boat. "Oh, it's gone," exclaimed someone then. But the forlorn object lifted high again, and sank once more. Whenever it was glimpsed it was set in a patch of foam.

That flotsam, whatever it was, was of man. As we watched it intensely, and before it was quite plain, we knew intuitively that hope was not there, that we were watching something past its doom. It drew abeam, and we saw what it was, a derelict sailing ship, mastless and awash. The alien wilderness was around us now, and we saw a sky that was overcast and driven, and seas that were uplifted, which had grown incredibly huge, swift, and perilous, and they had colder and more sombre hues.

The derelict was a schooner, a lifeless and soddened hulk, so heavy and incontesting that its foundering seemed at hand. The waters poured back and forth at her waist, as though holding her body captive for the assaults of the active seas which came over her broken bulwarks, and plunged ruthlessly about. There was something ironic in the indifference of her defenceless body to these unending attacks. It mocked this white and raging post-mortem brutality, and gave her a dignity that was cold and superior to all the eternal powers could now do. She pitched helplessly head first into a hollow, and a door flew open under the break of her poop; it surprised and shocked us, for the dead might have signed to us then. She went astern of us fast, and a great comber ran at her, as if it had but just spied her, and thought she was escaping. There was a high white flash, and a concussion we heard. She had gone. But she appeared again far away, forlorn on a summit in desolation, black against the sunset. The stump of her bowsprit, the accusatory finger of the dead, pointed at the sky.

I turned, and there beside me was the lady who had wanted to find the sea. She was gazing at the place where the wreck was last seen, her eyes fixed, her mouth a little open in awe and horror.

Mr. Bonar Law as Free Trader

By the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P.

THE long and weary pilgrimage of Mr. Bonar Law along the barren and dusty road of Tariff Reform propaganda has apparently not yet come to an end. In an article published in this REVIEW, in March, 1913, I traced his footsteps from the Albert Hall to Edinburgh. How much further has he progressed or retrogressed since that time? The last speech on this subject made by him in the House of Commons on February 16th, 1914, and the beautiful leaflet published by the National Unionist Association of Conservative and Liberal Unionists' Organisations—summing up the Unionist policy on Tariff Reform—may shed some light on the subject.

The old duties on corn and wheat so necessary for the establishment of Colonial Preference, so essential for the welfare of British agriculture, and at the same time so insistently demanded in order to make food cheaper, have all disappeared from the programme. All Mr. Chamberlain's 1903 speeches, in which he pointed out, with his usual direct lucidity, that in order to give preference to the Colonist you must tax food, have been thrown on the scrap-heap. All the speeches and pamphlets with which the country has been inundated for ten years in order to prove that the foreigner would pay our taxes, and, above all, our food taxes; that the revenue would be obtained without cost to ourselves; and, at the same time that the farmer was luxuriating in the advantages of a protected market, our urban consumer would be rejoicing in lower prices—all the oratory, the hair-splitting, the bad economics, the worse "facts" are relegated—at any rate, for the present—to limbo, and only a few faithful and upright men in the Protectionist camp are left to rend their garments and mourn their death.

No, nothing is to be done for agriculture in the way of Protective duties. This industry, in which so much interest is being displayed, is apparently too prosperous to require any artificial aid, either against the competition of

our own Dominions or of the rest of the world. It is the poverty-stricken and depressed manufacturers of this country, whose records in recent years have shown unequalled and unexampled profits, who are to be favoured with some kind of slice of Tariff Reform Pie. Mr. Bonar Law in his last speech has once more descended from the Olympian clouds, from the days in which he used to rave about the scientific Tariff of Germany, the great Tariff of the United States, and others, in order to compare us, of all countries in the world, with Belgium! What a howl would have gone up from the Tariff Reform camp in its more virile days if any Free Trader had had the insolence to compare the United Kingdom with a country of the magnitude and population of Belgium! We can imagine the indignation and scorn with which such a suggestion would have been met. Belgium suits Mr. Bonar Law's argument for the moment, because he thinks he has discovered a country in which there are very small duties on agricultural produce, and yet a tariff on some manufactured goods. As a matter of fact, Belgium has approached as nearly to Free Trade as any Protectionist country in the world. If the achievement of copying Belgium is really to be the result of all our colossal Tariff controversy, it will assuredly be the most ridiculous mouse that a mountain has ever produced.

Mr. Bonar Law has been making some discoveries as regards America. He has discovered the remarkable fact that in the revision of the American Tariff the only step in the direction of Free Trade has been the removal of duties on agricultural produce. Mr. Bonar Law cannot have very carefully studied the revision of the American Tariff to have arrived at this conclusion.

A glance at the report issued by the Tariff Commission of his own party last February, "The New Tariff of the United States in its Relation to the Trade and Policy of the United Kingdom and the British Empire," would have saved him from that blunder. Table V. in that publication, comparing the new and old duties on the various groups of articles which were dutiable under the old tariff, would have shown him not merely that the reductions on agricultural produce are not the only steps taken towards Free Trade, but that they are not the most important.

While the reduction on agricultural produce and fish is considerably less than half (32 per cent. to 18½ per cent.) and on sugar from 54 per cent. to 40 per cent. at present (in 1916 sugar will be placed on the free list), that on woollens is from 88 per cent. to 38 per cent., on steel and iron manufactures from 31 per cent. to 13½ per cent. (pig-iron and some steel ingots being free), and on leather from 13 per cent. to 3 per cent. The total reductions amount to 11½ per cent. (about 16½ per cent. in two years' time, when sugar goes on the free list) on the following categories: agricultural produce (excluding sugar) and fish, sugar, iron and steel manufactures, woollen manufactures, glass and earthenware, leather and leather manufactures, paper and paper manufactures, flax, hemp, jute, &c., manufactures, chemicals, &c., silk manufactures, cotton manufactures, and miscellaneous articles

The methods adopted by the English Tariff Commission to arrive at these figures do not tell anything like the whole story. By merely taking the value of the imports into the United States and calculating the effect of the tariff reductions on these, the total effect of the reduction of the tariff is by no means shown. The reduction in the price of domestic products consequent on the reduction of the tariff is obviously very much larger in a great many of these important groups than the reduction of the duty on the amounts imported. In fact, in many cases the duty has been reduced on articles of which in the past there has been no importation into the United States. In articles of this description the American consumer will benefit either by reductions in home prices or by the possibility of importing the articles at lower prices than before. Yet, according to the method employed by the English Tariff Commission in their calculations, no reduction of the tariff burden would be shown.

It might, indeed, be well to point out that the whole method of adding rates of duty on all kinds of disparate merchandise, the importance of which to the consumer is of the most varied character, and calling the result an average, is in itself an absurdity. Take, for instance, wool and silk. By adding together the rates on these two articles and dividing by two you certainly do not arrive at the average of anything at all, any more than if you

added together a horse and a cow. Nor is the result given any measure of the relief or the burden on the masses of the American people. Take, as another example, some articles of which there is an enormous consumption, namely, pig-iron, which is now placed on the free list, and pen-knives and razors, which bear a duty of 35 per cent. What can be the value to anyone of an average arrived at by adding these together, dividing them, and presenting the result as the average duty on the steel and iron industry?

The use of the word "foreign" would seem to imply that Colonial manufactured goods are to be admitted free of all duty. It is doubtful, however, whether this is really intended. This exclusion, if intended, would necessarily affect any revenue calculations based on present figures.

In 1912 the total of this category, "articles wholly or mainly manufactured," retained in the United Kingdom, was from foreign countries £145,427,000; from all British Possessions, including Protectorates, £10,850,000. Of the latter total the joint contribution of the self-governing Dominions (South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and Newfoundland) was some $4\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling, for the sake of which insignificant figure we are asked to disorganise the whole fiscal system upon which our prosperity has been based for over two generations.

As has been frequently pointed out already, the Board of Trade classification of "articles wholly or mainly manufactured" is thoroughly unsatisfactory. It includes a whole series of products, such as unwrought and half-wrought metals, and those fit only for re-manufacture; dye-stuffs and extracts for dyeing and tanning, dye-woods, cement, hemp, linen, cotton and silk yarns, cotton-waste, leather and dressed skins, starch, dextrine, farina and potato-flour, stones and slates, which are certainly not in common parlance considered as manufactured articles.

Tariff Reformers have never yet told us what they intend to include in their schedule of manufactured goods. In revenue estimates made by them from time to time they would certainly seem to be prepared to include goods which for all practical purposes are the raw materials of important British industries. It is, however, difficult to imagine that even the most rabid of them would be ready to levy duties on copper ingots, pig-lead, tin in blocks,

dressed hides, and articles of that description. If there is any intention to levy duties on these, the sooner British manufacturers realise it the better, as it would have a disastrous effect on many of our industries producing the most highly finished goods.

When the semi-manufactured articles referred to, which are the raw material of British industries, are deducted, the result sinks into even greater insignificance, the 10 millions odd being reduced to somewhat over a million and a half. It is obvious that a preference on this basis could not be considered seriously from a commercial standpoint. Nor is there any prospect within a measurable distance of time that any considerable quantity of fully manufactured goods can be imported from British Possessions.

Recently no serious argument has been adduced for imposing a tariff on manufactured goods, although, in 1903, Mr. Chamberlain based his contention upon the depressed state of English industry, the invasion of the home market, and the industries that were "either going or gone." The facts of the eleven years since he opened his campaign have, however, so completely disproved the correctness of his prophecies as to the trend of trade that no one has ventured seriously to argue the needs of British manufacturers as a reason for returning to a Protective tariff.

The "Census of Production," published since then, which gives some, if imperfect, data of the volume of home production and consumption—figures which by this time have doubtless been largely exceeded—demonstrated in themselves that the imports of so-called "manufactured" goods can, as regards volume, play but a very trifling part in the home market, apparently amounting only to 4 per cent. at the outside of the British production of manufactured goods for the home market.* It is obvious that the

* In answer to a question the President of the Board of Trade stated on January 8th, 1913:—

"The value at the place of production of the final product of the industries within the scope of the Census of production, is calculated for 1907 as between 1,241 and 1,256 million pounds (exclusive of duties). The value of the net imports of manufactured food, drink, and tobacco products in 1907 was £74,600,000, and that of net imports of completely manufactured goods, *i.e.*, of goods other than those which were used in further processes of manufacture in the United Kingdom was £49,700,000. These sums represent, respectively, about 6 per cent. and 4 per cent. of the value of the final products of industry in the United Kingdom just stated."

exclusion of the whole of these imports—which is not proposed—and still less a reduction of them, would play no great part in increasing either the volume of domestic trade or the amount of employment. On the other hand, the indirect burden which would be placed on the consumer by a rise in the price of the large domestic supply which would result from import duties would be out of all proportion to any possible revenue that could be obtained.

Now let us consider the possibilities in favour of the dutiable imports from our Dominions. In 1912 these amounted to £15,230,000, of which total £15,120,000 represented food and drink and £110,000 tobacco. Thus, if tea be excluded (which practically is all imported from India and Ceylon, and amounted to £11,216,000), the amount on which it is suggested that "a preference on existing duties" should be granted is trifling. The main articles on which such a preference could be given to the self-governing Dominions are (according to the import statistics of 1912):—

Refined Sugar.—Canada, £406.

Unrefined Sugar.—Canada, £537; Australia, £13,167.

Tobacco.—Australia, £1,100; Canada, £570; South Africa, £5,500.

Wine.—Australia, £113,000; New Zealand, £28; Newfoundland, £1,600; South Africa, £1,600.

In the old days a great deal was heard about the necessity of a Protective tariff for British labour, and even till fairly recent times Mr. Bonar Law and others have argued that any rise in wages would be impossible without some form of tariff.

Here again facts are stronger than theory. It has been conclusively demonstrated in Protectionist countries like America that protected industries are not the best wage-payers. Indeed, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, says:—"As a matter of fact, some of the most highly protected industries in this country pay very much lower wages than the unprotected industries, and some of the most highly protected industries pay wages that are below the living scale, at the same time that the profits they are making are so great that they can build new factories out of their surplus every second year. It is one of the grandest pieces of bluff and humbug that has

ever been known in the history of political deception." Moreover, the number of people employed in those protected industries must always be but a very small fraction of those engaged in industrial occupations in general. President Wilson, in *The New Freedom*, page 200, says :— "Do you know that about 90 per cent. of those who are employed in labour in this country are not employed in the 'protected' industries, and that their wages are, almost without exception, higher than the wages of those who are employed in the 'protected' industries There is no corner on carpenters, there is no corner on bricklayers, there is no corner on scores of individual classes of skilled labourers; but there is a corner on the poolers in the furnaces, there is a corner on the men who dive down into the mines; they are in the grip of a controlling power which determines the market rates of wages in the United States. Only where labour is free is labour highly paid in America."

There has undoubtedly been a revival of the increase in wages under the Free Trade system in this country after a period of comparative stagnation. Last year was, on the whole, characterised by considerable increases in wages. According to the Board of Trade Reports, the net increase of all the changes in wages of 1,770,000 workpeople amounted to £164,178 per week. The increase affected every group of trades.

A further point on which at one time great stress was laid was that a protective tariff, by excluding foreign goods, would lead to more employment in this country. This fallacy, so obvious to every economist as scarcely to deserve refutation, has also lost much of the force of its appeal even to uninstructed opinion, owing to the fact that under our present fiscal system unemployment has been reduced to a lower level within the past few years than during any previous period in the history of this particular branch of statistics. In 1913 the average for the whole year was 2·1 per cent. In November and December, two very trying months, it was 2 per cent. and 2·6 per cent. in our effete Free Trade country, as compared to 3·1 and 4·8 in "protected" Germany. According to the returns of the German Labour Exchanges for January, 1914, the average number of applicants for 100 offers of work were 172, as compared with 142·1 a year before. For male work

the number of applicants was 2219, for female work 104, the number of female applicants being greater even than during the last crisis in January, 1909. The last number of the *Reichs-Arbeitsblatt* (March 21st, 1914) says of the labour market in February, that although employment had improved as usual at this season in certain seasonal trades, there was no important change in the unsatisfactory position of the majority of the great industries.

None of these former slogans of the Tariff Reform League—tariff protection for British labour, and full employment for the British workman—figure in Mr. Bonar Law's last *pronunciamento*. As a matter of fact, he seems to have returned to his old faith, and now argues that he is a true Free Trader. This is very amusing when we think of the gallons of ink that have been shed by Tariff Reform writers within the last ten years in abuse of those who adhere to this obsolete Cobden tradition. It takes all Mr. Bonar Law's hardihood, however, to state, as he does, that a 10 per cent. duty on manufactured goods without any corresponding excise duties on those manufactured in this country can be justified by strictly Free Trade principles as a means of revenue. That was not the view of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain when he declared at the Colonial Conference in 1902:—"In my mind, whenever customs duties are balanced by excise duties, or whenever they are levied on articles which are not produced at home, the enforcement of such duties is no derogation from the principles of Free Trade as I understand it." Nor has Mr. Bonar Law, in his latest enunciation of Free Trade principles, the support of Professor Taussig, who expressly states that "It is only the imposition of duties that cause a substitution of domestic products for imported that conflicts with the principle" (of Free Trade).

It is surely extraordinary that anyone who has taken such a prominent part in this controversy as Mr. Bonar Law should be unaware of the fact that an import duty on any class of article manufactured in the country into which it is imported, whatever the object for which it is imposed, is, unless counterbalanced by an excise duty, a protective tax, and must operate as such. Whether the tariff is 5 or 10 or 20 per cent. can only affect the extent of the operation of the protective principle, but it certainly

cannot affect the fundamental principle involved, *i.e.*, that of giving the home producer an advantage by enabling him to extract from the home consumer a higher price than the unfettered world's market would otherwise permit.

What is meant by "an average of 10 per cent."? Tariff Reformers are extraordinarily fond of averages, which, in this matter, really mean nothing. To obtain an average of 10 per cent. it is obviously necessary to have some duties as high as 20 per cent. or higher, and others as low as 2½ per cent. In spite of Mr. Bonar Law's last statement that the Tariff Reformers were going to make everything quite clear, the fact is that nothing can be clear until they lay before us schedules in which the duty on each article is laid down in black on white. Yet, in spite of the Herculean labours of the Tariff Commission, we have not yet arrived at even the framework of a single schedule of a tariff on manufactured goods. Does a 10 per cent. tariff, for instance, refer to all manufactured goods imported into this country, including a possible free list? It is inconceivable that there should be no free list, and that such articles as shipbuilding material and things connected with ships, which enter Protectionist Germany free of duty, should be placed on a tariff list in this country, thereby seriously damaging one of our greatest industries. If it be intended to have a free list, it would obviously require tariff rates on articles subject to duty to be considerably higher than 10 per cent.

Why 10 per cent. should always be a kind of fetish figure with Tariff Reformers they have never condescended to explain. They contend that it is moderate; but, as a matter of fact, 10 per cent. in modern competitive trade would have a very considerable effect in excluding foreign imports, although the exact amount which would be excluded is, of course, hypothetical. It might, and probably would, in many cases very seriously affect industries here, which rely for some of their manufactured parts on imports, unless there were an extraordinarily complicated series of rebate provisions. Their export trade in international markets would be particularly liable to suffer. To what extent such rebate allowances are to form part of the scheme has been left quite vague, yet it is a point of great importance to many

manufacturers in this country, and also to those endeavouring to calculate possible revenue.

Mr. Bonar Law has not established as yet either the need of revenue or, if revenue be required, that this is the best method of raising it. Indeed, he mortgages his problematic new revenue in the first paragraph of the same statement by offering to take off some of the taxes on food that remain, and, further on, by promising to allocate part of the revenue of the tariff in some mysterious way to reduce the burdens of agriculture.

His comparison of his own proposals with the tariffs of India and Egypt is simply astounding. The India tariff—one of the worst, most inefficient, and foolish productions of the time, the existence of which is really a disgrace not merely to a Free Trade Government, but to any Government—can certainly not be said to be seriously protective. The average of the duties which it imposes is about 3½ per cent. These duties are imposed almost entirely on articles not produced in India, and in the only industry of importance in which there is competition between England and India, *i.e.*, the cotton industry, there is a corresponding excise on Indian manufactured goods—the very thing Mr. Bonar Law neglects to include in his own proposal.

The Egyptian tariff (8 per cent. *ad valorem* all round) is a model of the method whereby many things urgently required by the people for the development of the country may be made dearer. Why the Egyptian Government should be described as Free Trade, Mr. Bonar Law alone knows. No British Government can be held directly responsible for this tariff. Objectionable though it be in many of its features, it certainly is not protective, as there are no industries in Egypt to protect. To compare the circumstances of either India or Egypt with our own country, so far as the raising of the revenue is concerned, seems really to be trifling with the whole question. The entire conditions of those countries and their populations are so widely different that the question of raising a revenue by means of direct taxation like the income tax presents so different a problem that the attempt to draw any parallel seems merely futile. Does Mr. Bonar Law wish to copy the very heavy salt duty existing in India and Egypt, but

which was abolished in this country very many years ago? Why should he not take the simple and very productive land tax system of India, and apply it to England, thereby securing something like a revenue?

Tariffs as a source of revenue were tried in this country and were found wanting as long ago as 1840.

Their condemnation by a very powerful Select Committee of the House of Commons in the latter year, whose report is one of the most instructive documents in the whole controversy, led to their abolition by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer. Mr. Bonar Law's crude scheme does not show any advantage over the system then abolished, and is quite reprehensible. It is unfair in its distribution of burden, expensive in its means of collection, inconvenient to the mercantile community of a great trading country, and uncertain in its fiscal results. It has proved itself a broken reed in every Protectionist country, as we see from the experience of America, France, Germany, and Italy—all countries that have been obliged to resort to direct and other means of taxation, in addition to the tariff, in order to fill the Treasury chest. Indeed, the idea of presenting this discredited instrument to British people in 1914 as a revenue-raiser requires all the unbounded assurance of Mr. Bonar Law.

As there is no such schedule as luxuries included in our Board of Trade Reports, and Mr. Bonar Law does not state what the articles are which he regards as luxuries, or how he arrives at the very large figure of £30,000,000 which he gives, it is quite impossible to base any argument on this hypothesis. Mr. Bonar Law's enunciation of the doctrine that heavy duties on luxuries will not diminish their consumption cannot commend itself to thinking people. Luxuries are obviously the first item to be curtailed in a domestic budget when any strain arises. The increase in their price must necessarily lead to a diminution in their normal consumption. Unless it be argued that there is an inexhaustible purchasing power, it is impossible to arrive at any other conclusion. This curtailment of consumption may be masked by the fact that the increase in the wealth of the world enables us to purchase more luxuries, even at higher prices, is no reply to the economic proposition stated. But to base a revenue on the increasing

consumption of luxuries, notwithstanding the imposition of a duty which renders them more expensive, is surely the most unsound finance imaginable.

The idea that a large revenue can be raised by duties on manufactured goods has been shown in previous stages of the controversy, and can be proved again to be devoid of foundation. This is demonstrated by the following table based on the official statistics for 1912 :—

	Millions £
Articles wholly or mainly manufactured imported into this country	185½
Less re-exports	29½
	156¼
Less Colonial goods under this heading	10¾
	145½
The latter sum still included large amounts of the following quasi-raw materials: copper, spelter, pig-lead, tin ingots, quicksilver, indigo, dye-woods, cotton-seed cake, linseed cake, and oil-seed cake generally, stone slabs and marble, rough-hewn, etc., say	20½
	125
Less worked up and re-exported	20
	105
Proportion of these which would be excluded by the import duties, usually estimated by Tariff Reformers at one-half, as confirmed by Mr. Page Croft in the House of Commons on February 16th, 1914	52½
This leaves the net importation	52½
10 per cent. on this amount	5¼
From the latter must be deducted the increased cost of collection of at least £1,000,000 to £2,000,000—say £1,500,000	1½
Leaving as final revenue	3¾

It may, of course, be contended that in arriving at the taxable commodities deductions have been made that are not legitimate. Unless, however, it is part of the Tariff Reform proposals to place duties on a large quantity of articles which are in reality raw materials, as their very nature indicates, and unless the pledge given by Mr. Bonar Law in a previous stage of the controversy that the usual drawback facilities would be allowed on imported articles destined in their final shape for the export trade, the foregoing figures must be taken as being as close an approxima-

tion as it is possible to obtain with the information at our disposal.

Although Mr. Bonar Law has challenged the statements made as to the increased cost of collection, he has not so far advanced any serious argument to invalidate the various calculations that have been made in support of them. The actual data which can be obtained in Protectionist countries, the large number of ports of entry in the United Kingdom, and the highly trained staff that is required to deal with an *ad valorem* tariff, justify us in making this figure a very substantial one.

As regards the agricultural aspect of the problem, Mr. Bonar Law's proposal to apply part of the revenue derived from a tariff to the reduction of the burden on agriculture cannot in any case, considering the trifling amount the tariff would bring in—as shown in the table just given—amount to a very substantial alleviation of that burden. Even the most summary investigation shows the serious loss agriculture would suffer through this proposed deal. There is very little bought by the farmer for use on his farm or in his house that would not be raised in price by a tariff on manufactured goods. Mr. Bonar Law has committed himself to a remarkable statement in one of his speeches to the effect that the farmer does not buy agricultural machinery every year. But, however rarely he buys it, he has no desire to pay more for it than the open market price. Moreover, any increase in the price of agricultural machinery—which we want to see more and more widely used—is certainly detrimental to agriculture. But agricultural machines are not the only articles which the farmer is obliged to buy. He has also to purchase iron fences, wire, and ironwork of different kinds connected with his carts. He wants harness for his horses, milk churns for his milk, nails and screws—in short, an endless variety of requirements, which all mount up to quite a considerable sum at the end of the year. In the matter of household requirements he is in much the same position as a huge proportion of the population, whose interests seem to be forgotten in all Tariff Reform calculations, namely, those who, like the farmer, are engaged in services or industries of an unprotected character, who would have to pay tribute to the manufacturers of protected commodities. To judge, how-

ever, from the following able letter written by Mr. Bernard Gilbert, Honorary Secretary of the Farmers' Tariff Union (*Westminster Gazette*, March 30th, 1914), it is evident that the farmers are not quite so easily gulled as Tariff Reformers seem to imagine :—

The Farmers' Tariff Union was formed by Conservative farmers to give active expression to the resolution of the National Farmers' Union: "That we will be no party to a change in fiscal policy excluding agriculture from its benefits." It has been fighting to compel Mr. Bonar Law to revoke the "Edinburgh Compromise," which many of his followers admit is unfair to agriculture.

Our programme is "Either the full policy of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain or remain under Free Trade." Until now we have impartially demanded either alternative, but the official statement to us by Mr. R. A. Sanders, M.P., a Unionist Whip, at the Lincolnshire Farmers' Union dinner on January 18 last, has changed the situation. He told us "that we were wasting our time, because there can be no change of policy before the next election," and made it clear that we must look to Free Trade as our only possible policy.

We have changed our sub-title from "Formed to obtain fair play for agriculture under Tariff Reform" to "Formed to oppose the present Fiscal Proposals," and as these proposals are "nailed to the mast," we must urge every Conservative farmer to abstain from voting for any Tariff Reform candidate at the next election.

We earnestly ask farmers to vote for any candidate who opposes the Edinburgh Compromise at the next election.

The least abstention or turnover of Conservative farmers will endanger about thirty seats, and the more widespread the movement the greater its effect. We do not say that our action will decide a General Election, but it will be serious enough to show that agriculture must have consideration.

We have not sought this struggle; it has been thrust upon us; and as our livelihood and our future are at stake we must fight to the end. Any person who sympathises with us is invited to send a subscription to the secretary.

It is clear that those who are practically acquainted with agricultural industry here have found, like the farmers of Western Canada, that a lop-sided tariff arrangement in which the farmer does the paying and the manufacturer the receiving is too inequitable to be tolerated. Owing to their defence of the interests of the farmers, Free Traders have been reproached with insincerity in their opposition to food taxes. They have been informed that they ought to rejoice that, at any rate, this part of the Tariff Reform programme has been withdrawn. Such accusations carry small weight with real Free Traders who object to all the principles of Protectionism, to whom the whole doctrine of special privileges to the few at the expense of the many is hateful, and who cannot believe that you can base a system of national prosperity on the robbery of somebody.

MR. BONAR LAW AS FREE TRADER

Pernicious as Free Traders consider food taxes to be, and glad as they are to see them disappear, they equally detest protective duties on manufactured goods. Desiring equal treatment for all interests and all classes, the fact that the proposal to make the food of the people dearer is now abandoned is for them no excuse for the unfair treatment of agriculture. On another occasion Mr. Bernard Gilbert quoted a forcible expression of a Cumberland farmer voicing the sentiments of his class: "I have always been a keen Tariff Reformer, but if this is what it means, then to the devil with it!" Free Traders would say, "To the devil with the whole policy!"

EDITORIAL NOTE.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, 206, Great Portland Street, asks me to convey his sincere thanks to the many readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW who responded anonymously to the Appeal which we inserted in our pages. Those who sent contributions under their own names have, of course, been communicated with direct.

King Carson (A Renaissance Masque)

In Two Acts[1]

By the Editor

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE KING.
LONDONDERRY, a Lord.
CARSON, a lawyer (aspirant to the Throne of Ireland).
COL. MOORE, author of "Morituri te salutant."
PROSPER SMITH, friend of Admiral Winston.
GAVIN, a soothsayer.
KATHLEEN, a maiden.
NIETZSCHE, a Belfast Councillor.
JOHN BULL, a messenger.
ASQUITH, porter to the Royal Castle.
LADY FANNY PORTARLINGTON, in love with Carson.
ASPENDER, an anæsthetist.
CARDINAL REDMONDO BORGIA.
T. P. AUTOLYCUS, apostolic notary and chronicler.
ARCHDEACON DEVLIN.
O'PEDRO DILLON, Gonfalonier and nepotist, Castellan of all pontifical fortresses and Governor of the Patrimony of St. Patrick.
PROTONOTARY HEALY.
SIMON, a pig-drover.
Two murderers, witches, cauldrons, soldiers, volunteers, bastards, etc.

ACT I., SCENE I.—*A room in Mayfair.*

LADY PORTARLINGTON (*at the piano*). "I do like your eyes."
CARSON. "I know, dear heart,
And sure, virtue is a comparative estate, but see
Who comes with beetling brow and mien discomfited
And such a Papal Francis Thompson air, as like
To harry my perplexities."

[1] The most terribly bloody third act has been omitted for editorial reasons.

(*Enter* GAVIN, *a soothsayer.*)

GAVIN (*unfolding bundles of newspaper articles, which he lays on the table*). "Beware the Ides in Pall Mall!"

LADY PORTARLINGTON. "The Ides! What does yon fellow mean?"

CARSON. "Ha! ha! 'Tis you, brave warrior of the pen, and sure,
'Tis well what you advise. My love, adieu; he speaks
A sacerdotal brogue, like unto the Church, confound
Their knavish Popish roguery! Pall Mall,
Dear grave of Army Ministers! I must away.
The witches call me on to higher things." (*Exit.*)

LADY PORTARLINGTON (*swoons*). "Damn!"

SCENE II.—*On the Brocken, lightning and thunder.*

WITCHES. "Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble,
Carson up and Carson down,
Jolly good fun in Belfast town."

CARSON. "What ho! Silence, you hags, and spin upon my fate;
I'd like to know the right ones I'm to hate."

1ST WITCH. "Hail! Calvin and Deliverer of Erin!"

2ND DO. "Hail! Leader of the Tory Democracy!"

3RD DO. "Hail! Field-Marshal of the British force!"

CARSON. "Field-Marshal! Did you hear that crony's tale? What think you, Bobs?"

LONDONDERRY. "I never think,
'Tis irksome; but see, if I were you——"

CARSON. "Ah, but you're not,
Good friend; yet I am curious and would hear more.
Speak, hags. I listen, which I'm not accustomed to."

WITCHES (*together*). "Peat and spittle,
Spittle and peat.
A dog bites a cat, and a cat bites a rat;
Say it's an Army plot, and so that's that."

COL. MOORE. "A plot, a plot, a kingdom for a plot!"

LONDONDERRY. "A good idea! Begorra! 'tis the very thing.
We'll set the people up against the King."

SMITH. "Egad! Londonderry, you've made a rhyme,
And yet I, too, believe in this campaign;
'Twill give Lloyd Georgie jip, and that's the game."

COL. MOORE. "No other, sure, my boys. See, yon golden morn . . ."

CARSON. "Rises victorious on our Ulster uniform.
To horse! Away!" (*Exeunt.*)

SIMON (*the pig-drover, rising from the grass*).
"Lord, save our tomtit unicorn!
Hi! pigs, hi! porkers all, we shall be shorn."

WITCHES. "Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Tra la, tra la.
What a pretty trouble!
And who'll prick the bubble?
Snakes and holy fishes,
Scurry with our wishes.
Tell them what the Army tried?
Tell them how the Ministry lied?
Tell them all and tell them nothing;
Ya! ya! the fools! We're bluffing!"
(*They fly away shrieking.*)

SCENE III.—*A secret room in Carson's residence, Belfast. Midnight. Gentlemen seated round a big table. Carson standing up by fireplace.*

COL. MOORE. "Heads."
LONDONDERRY. "Tails."
CARSON. "Of woe and anguish inconceivable.
And sure, you've spoke it true, my Lord in Waiting,
But go. Fetch me my chocolate-box, where I do keep
The plans and machinations of our scheming.
My stout friend, Smith, here talks of jurisprudence;
Of law, and precedent, and compromising skilly,
As were I meet to haggle anent Ireland's honour.
Ah! Sirs, I tell you blood is in the air, and stars
Of battle portend red with Roman gore,
And blades that drip with England's curst iniquity.
But, Sirs, the game is ours; for all Catholicism,
Fearful of a decent Home Rule Chamber, sides with us,
As half the priests themselves do. Don't you see?
The Government has no friends. You know, in England
'You wave the banner and you rule the mob';
The varlets, most of them are playing golf,
And reck not of their rede. Foul, bloody rede,
But we will show them. Rebels, we, hot-gospellers
Of speech and Bible; and now, with volunteers
Prating of loyalty, and Panto-British trust
Of Royal allegiance and communion with the Church,
We'll preach High Treason with such strange immunity
That, thinking they are wrong, even the War Office
Will fall into confusion and blue funk, while we,
Putting our tongues against our cheeks, will cry:

'Long live the King!' and then, 'No Popery,'
Until the very caddies on the English greens
Pule out to us their sympathy; and authority
Begins to grow doubtful of its majority."

(*A knock at the door.*)

"Ha, a knock!
The murderers, I'll bet. Come in, good Sirs."

(*Enter two murderers.*)

PROSPER SMITH *and* COL. MOORE *jump to their feet with bare swords.*

CARSON. "Be seated, gentlemen. These are the apothecaries
Of governance, good fellows, loyal to King and Fatherland.
What will you?"

1ST MURDERER. "An' it please your honour, I'd give my best pig, Bess, to rid the country of the Holy Church."

CARSON. "And you?"

2ND MURDERER. "I have a wife, and her I'd gladly sell-ye
If I could do the Radicals in, like Seely."

GAVIN (*jumps up*). "By George! a poet. Once a Fenian, I
Must shake this scoundrel by the hand,
In dulcet memory of our joint proclivities."

CARSON. "Tut, tut! No sentiment here, no adjectival spate,
Remember we are out to win and hate.
Here's money, friends. For the nonce, there is no need.
We only have to talk—and so, God speed!"

NIETZSCHE, *a Belfast Councillor.*

"Yet such good men are rare. We have an Index,
And it were well if they could ply their trade
On all un-Protestant books and such-like trash
Which we do purge from Belfast with the lash."

CARSON. "Agreed. Give them to do. Crush out black Truth,
Which spoils the vanities and greeds of man,
And makes them heretics. All points of view
Are damnable, save mine. Good-night. To-morrow
I must be talking. Comrades, here's good luck."
Let's drink a night-cap to our Ulster Pluck."

ACT II., SCENE I.—*A hut in bogland. Enter the conspirators muffled; they seat themselves casually about the room, Kathleen bringing glasses and whisky.*

KATHLEEN. "I wish Mr. Yeats were here. I do like his plays."

PROTONOTARY HEALY. "He will be soon; meantime, let's get to business. I now propose . . ."

KATHLEEN. "And a lot of good it does, too, you proposing before the drinks are served. Sure, you might do some of the

disposing we hear so much about. Why don't you Nationalists start a volunteer Army? There are plenty of the boys left in the country yet, for they haven't all gone to America, but if it's priests again you're going to talk about I'm going to bed, for I've the cows to milk in the morning, and they won't wait, I can tell you." (*Exit.*)

ARCHDEACON DEVLIN. "Well, what news?"

CARDINAL REDMONDO. "There is a tide . . ."

T. P. AUTOLYCUS. "We know. I said that, too, in the last book I gutted. Is that all?"

REDMONDO.

"Patience, good Sirs, is the badge of our profession. Yet
'Tis not without reluctance that I speak
On this, the eve of our great victory. Some of us here
Will not speak more at Westminster, for soon
We shall be dispossessed, and all the wit
Of that Assembly will go out, even as we
Do sit in conclave here in Dublin."

GONFALONIER DILLON. "Amen!"

REDMONDO. "Exactly. Or, peradventure, not precisely."
For man can never count on what is likely,
Even in Ireland; nay, the very Holy Church
Is oft in jeopardy when it is left in lurch,
And I would fain save something for the See,
Which, as you know, has blessed old Ireland's unity.
Boys, perpend. The hour-glass now is full,
And we must act, or Carson has the pull
Over both the Services, the officers, and guards,
And all the cavalry; in short, the cards
Are his upon the table, and they are aces.
Nay, gentlemen, I like not your grimaces.
For so it is, unless, unless we stem
This tyrant's vanity with a loyalist apophthegm.
So gross and stupid are the English folk,
They cannot tell the white part from the yolk,
And so I've called you here to tell you this:
The troth of Erin lies in Erin's kiss.
To-morrow I go forth with a flag of truce
To tackle Carson and the whole prepuce
Of this ridiculous question, which has got
Into the quagmire of political dry-rot.
I'll put conditions on the ramparts. Like a Parnell,
Ireland for Ireland; or, by Gad! a charnel
Field of corpses *in nomine* Torquemada,
Till even Winston turns out with the Armada.
For now that Asquith is at the War Office,
We need have wait no more to see who Boss-is.
I've got my poster here already coined:
'Let no man put asunder what God hath joined.'

And it will hold, for Ulster has no history,
No pettifogging title of either state or mystery.
Dismember Ulster, and you cut off the trunk,
And that is folly, as any bargee's punk
Can testify, even to Mayfair, where they do the spouting,
And leave the work for volunteerish outing,
As were they Boers to shoot the Tommies down:
So much for 'Loyalty' at half-a-crown.
To-morrow, then, our destiny is at stake.
We'll have our Parliament, and we'll prick the fake.
I give you Ireland, and on this rosary
I count the beads of Ireland's new glossary:
Peace and goodwill, tolerance and education,
The dignity and honour worthy of our nation.
God-speed. . . ."

Enter KATHLEEN, *indignant.*

"And may the blessed Saints give you peace, for my Mike upstairs says he can't sleep for the noise you are making, and it's ashamed of yourselves you ought to be, disturbing a poor man's rest. And if you can't settle the destinies of Ireland with less talk, I'll be after thinking you're as bad as Carson himself, who Mike says is a Protestant."

PROTONOTARY HEALY. "Peace be with you, Wench, and upon this poor, ignorant country." (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*The Courtyard of the King's Castle. Early morning. Enter Asquith, Porter to the Crown, conventionally stage-drunk.*

ASQUITH (*singing*). "In the Bay,
In the Bay,
In the Bay of Whisky-o——"

(*Loud knocking at the gate.*)

ASQUITH. "Sith! What a time I'm having! I'm Prime Minister of England. I'm Minister of War. I'm the Guardian of the Castle. I'm the one man in England everyone is looking to. I'm not a Yorkshireman for nothing. I'm . . ."

(*Loud knocking.*)

ASQUITH. "Knock knock! knock! Murder will out. Who's going to walk in their sleep and betray secrets this time? Is it you, John? Knock! knock! You can knock as loud as you like. I've got the keys of the War Office now. Knock! knock! If you want to play in my yard, you'll have to talk English. I say, do you hear? English! I'm the King's guardian, I am. To Jerusalem with your religious knocking. We don't want any. (*Furious knocking.*) Knock on, old Mole. There are no ghosts here. I'm the Cabinet, I am. And I'm sick of this humbug. We are all sick of it. We

mean to end it, and give Westminster a chance. Knock on! I'm referee. I'm here to keep order, and I'm going to do it.

(*Renewed knocking.*)

Well, well. I'll open. I suppose it's only a subaltern coming back from Londonderry Fair."

(*He opens the gate. Enter Cardinal Redmondo muffled in a mantle.*)

REDMONDO. "I'm a bit early, but no matter."

ASQUITH. "Quite so, young man. Are you a Loyalist?"

REDMONDO (*taken aback*). "A Loyalist? Sure. Ireland for Ireland, I say."

ASQUITH. "Now, see here, my lad. A plain question deserves a plain answer. You are under the British Flag here. Are you a Loyalist?"

REDMONDO. "To tell the truth, porter, I don't know. Perhaps you will define the word Loyalist?"

ASQUITH. "Zounds, Sir, an I will. A Loyalist is a man who serves his King and country, as a rebel is a man who defies it."

REDMONDO. "I see. Now tell me. Is Carson a rebel or a Loyalist?"

ASQUITH (*in turn taken aback*). "Carson! He's the self-appointed captain of some volunteers, isn't he? And as such I call him a rebel."

REDMONDO. "But he calls himself a Loyalist."

ASQUITH. "He does, and more's the pity of it."

REDMONDO. "Now, porter, tell me this. If Carson is not a Loyalist, why is it that any countermove on the part of the Loyalist Army is said to be disloyal?"

ASQUITH. "There's no reason to it, and that is why I'm night porter."

REDMONDO. "Oh! And why, pray?"

ASQUITH. "That I may know what is going on. Do you see this bunch of keys? Well, those keys open all doors, and I've got them. I'm King, see!"

REDMONDO. "King!"

ASQUITH. "In trust. Ay."

REDMONDO (*throwing off his cloak and kneeling down*). "Your humble servant."

ASQUITH. "Rise up, Sir, and go to bed. You look tired."

REDMONDO. "Look who's coming down the stairs!"

(*A tall figure in pyjamas comes down the spiral staircase, carrying a candle.*)

ASQUITH. "Hush! More secrets. Another somnambulist. By St. George! it's Carson!"

(*Enter* CARSON, *speaking in his sleep.*)

CARSON. "I wish I could wash these hands clean. As a lawyer, I should be awfully sorry if any of my poor fellows got hurt. It's a bad business. Perhaps Smith was right. He's a clever chap, Smith is; more level-headed than I am. I wish I'd come from Liverpool. Wash, wash. Is there any blood? Need there be any blood? And if there is, shall I have to die fighting, too? That was a fearful mistake about the Army Plot, giving the Liberals a war-cry. But still, what are we to do? They've knocked down privilege and the House of Lords, which was the authority of peaceful opposition. The Army is the only instrument left. It's the limit—the Army, no, I mean the Government. I never thought they would act. What's to be done? This blood is all over my hands, and I don't mind the Catholics either. Anyhow, I've done something for the Party. They will have to reward me. They may get the funks, after all. Who knows? I wonder which is the best soap? Curious how this blood sticks! What will they say of me in history. I'm a figure of doom, I am. I feel like Wallenstein entering upon a long sleep." (*He stumbles against Redmondo and falls to the ground.*)

REDMONDO. "Væ victis."

ASQUITH. "No, sir. He is a kinsman of yours. You should be sorry for him."

REDMONDO. "I am. I am. Good Carson, gentle brother of mine, ease your cares; they will soon be over."

(*Enter* JOHN BULL, *a messenger.*)

JOHN BULL. "I've just written a leader, boys, in the papers, and I've called it 'No More Foolery with the Army.' Rather good, eh? I have to speak sometimes, you know. Hullo, who's this?"

REDMONDO. "Don't wake him. He's a bit delirious. He's been talking in his sleep."

JOHN BULL. "Talking, has he? Why, it's Carson. Poor chap. Perhaps he's sorry for the men who have lost their jobs in the Army Council. Well, I thought it would come to this."

CARSON. (*wakes up and shouts*). "Blood! Blood! No Popery!"

REDMONDO. "What shall we do? After all, he's an Irishman, you know; he's one of us. I can't let him catch cold in this draughty place. What had we better do?"

JOHN BULL. "Send for an anæsthetist and put him to sleep. It will keep him quiet, anyhow."

(ASQUITH *goes to a door and calls. Enter* ASPENDER, *an anæsthetist.*)

ASPENDER. "Anything wrong? No one hurt, I hope?"

JOHN BULL. "Not a bit. Gentleman, here, troublesome. Just put him to sleep, will you? We want to go to bed."

(*They hold down* CARSON *while the anæsthetist puts something over his face.*)

ASPENDER. "He'll be all right soon. That's it. Breathe out firmly."

(*They watch intently.*)

ASPENDER. "Wonderful people, these Irish! He's got a pulse like an ox. There we are. He'll be off in a minute. What a merciful thing science is, isn't it?"

(*They crowd over the prostrate figure.*)

JOHN BULL. "Good man. Is it done?"

ASPENDER. "Yes. Now we'll put him into a warm bed."

REDMONDO. "Holy Mother!"

JOHN BULL. "Good-night, you chaps. He must have been reading penny 'bloods.'"

(*He links his arm in that of* REDMONDO, *and they follow the others carrying the body of* CARSON *upstairs.* ASQUITH, *left alone, locks the gates, turns out the lights, and smokes by the glimmer of the lantern. Curtain falls slowly.*)

(*Some years later. Banquet at Dublin Castle ball-room.* THE KING, *Ministers, Courtiers, Guardsmen, and ladies seated at supper.*)

THE KING. "Gentlemen and ladies fair, I rise to give a toast
On this most blessed day whereon I boast
Order and prosperity, peace and governance,
Love and unity thus to have given you without Covenance,
For our old England's sake. True, the Act of Union
Was a mistake, and I could wish communion
Had come sooner; but there, why harp on tears
Where now the land, so happ'ly destitute of fears,
Is blythe with jollity and good brotherhood,
As I can ill express, yet if another would
He could not wish you better than do I, your King,
To see this great work consummated, and it is Cork-ing
Well. Over all the Emerald Isle is unity,
And Kathleen lives in Ulster with impunity,
While Belfast reads; from bigotry they have grown
Out of the Renaissance slough, which now is fly-blown,
And Church is disestablished, as is meet
In times like these, when men rank more than sheep;
And a Belfast lad is now the champion boxer,
While things in general are much orthodoxer
Than in the days when Carson's jaunting car
Imitated the women with a flaunting war
Which forced *The Times* to come down to a penny,
And burgléd secrets with an officer's jenny.

It makes me laugh. Why not? To-night we drink,
And dance, and sing, for Ireland now can think
As one indivisible in Britain's blesséd trinity,
Scotland and Wales, all of indissoluble affinity,
Which here I represent and pledge my life
To keep together, regardless of all strife,
As is my heritage. Gentlemen, a single St. Patrick
Is now achieved as easy as the hat-trick.
Old Ireland! Cardinals, Carson, charge your glasses,
Such joy as this my utmost hope surpasses;
And now, ho music! Come, my long-fringed lasses all,
We'll dance till daybreak here a Tango madrigal."

(*He drinks; they all drink in silence.*)

CARSON *walks across the stage and proffers legal snuff to Cardinal Redmondo, who sneezes sympathetically. Enter the guests.*

GONFALONIER O'PEDRO DILLON. "All the same, they say Westminster now is as dull as ditch-water."

THE END.

Plagiarisms, anachronisms, metre, and the volunteer equipment by Clarkson, the celebrated whig-maker.

Pygmalion (at Home and Abroad)

In these feminist times it is interesting to see two playwrights such as Mr. Somerset Maugham and Mr. Bernard Shaw handling the eternal theme of fashioning womanhood; and though they see woman at acutely different angles and cast characteristically different projections upon the Boards, the conclusion in both cases is the same, and in neither is the vote a contributory instrument. Put them together, and they form a two-nights' philosophy and entertainment, the one male, a little brutal, sexual, catastrophic, that of Mr. Shaw epicene, bloodless, intellectual, and neuter: two kinds of Pygmalions, in short, yet both culminating prettily enough in the lap of Venus. If Mr. Shaw's object was to be funny, evidently it was Mr. Maugham's to be serious, and woman remains the Sphynx, not because she really is enigmatic any more than the Egyptian blocks of stone are enigmatic, but because she is extrinsically so malleable and intrinsically so static, whereas man is so strange a contortionist.

The Pygmalion of Mr. Maugham is muscular; with Mr. Shaw he is intellectual; in other words, abroad the process is a matter of sex domination, at home it is a mollentrave for the mind. Mr. Maugham's male has the harder task of the two, because, in the first place, he is a rough-hewn settler on the prairie in Canada, with no Latin and not much else in the way of education beyond the vigour of his own natural schooling, and, in the second, because the woman he takes into his house is of that superior, eminently respectable middle-class type of femininity which, profoundly ignorant of every truth and profundity of life, makes such admirable ladies' helps and maiden aunts. But this one is pretty, moreover she has a temper and considerable grit, and it never occurred to her when she accepted the man's invitation to live with him as housekeeper, and actually went to church to solemnise the righteousness of her position, that a share in the bed was an integral part of the matrimonial bond of a share in the board, still more so in the primitive conditions of prairie life alone with a man

and—nature. The situation—at once, and not a bad one either. She never thought the man meant union, and he a common fellow, whereas she is a "lady." True, she married him, but what is man? No doubt she had read some recent feminist pamphlets. Nothing physical had ever entered into her existence. "Fie, sir. Touch your wife," and she puts up a pair of fists, like Mr. Mitchell engaging Carpentier. Unfortunately the Church had licensed the union. Life "out there" is physical; and Pygmalion is dreadfully obstinate too, and besides very strong. It is a ninety seconds' round, and on the stage the sparring being handled with consummate delicacy, we have a big scene which leaves us all wanting to talk about it. And physical wins. Her chance comes months later. She has a position at home, she can go back. But she has not been her man's mate for nothing. Gradually she has learnt to love. Now she will stay, and Pygmalion in his new troth looks so radiant when the curtain falls upon their first common love-embrace that we feel they will be happy ever afterwards.

At *His Majesty's*, Sir Herbert has a more subtle task, which provides him with great opportunities for silent by-play, and the art of "making presence" on the stage in which accomplishments he obviously revels. He, however, is an oddity—a professor of phonetics, an asexual intellectualist. He has to repickle Smollett, dramatically, and so, of all people, he chooses Mrs. Patrick Campbell and, for the fun of the thing, makes her a flower-girl. She, of course, is physical, deliciously so on the stage, but here Pygmalion is modern. He will make a Duchess of her in six months, teach her to clip her words, drawl, emphasise, use the right slang, instruct her in deportment and the social niceties of the big "family" which calls one another by their Christian names only. Incidentally there is a philosopher dustman, essentially an entertainment projection as old-fashioned in contrivance as the Greek chorus, who helps things along "considerable"; and he, having some telling things to say and being excellently acted, is a delight, though quite as artificial and quite as irrelevant to the movement as the tenor who comes in and sings a sentimental lyric in middle-class musical comedy. The thing resembles a cinema. Good films are the dustman's soliloquies, epigrams, and plaint of the "undeserving

poor"; Mrs. Patrick Campbell's imperturbability of mien and throat modulations in the scene where she justifies her master's teaching, her gowns and the whole look of her generally; some of the curtains, especially the cab scene, a number of the talks; some of Sir Herbert's elliptic smiles, and the end which presumably means that the professor has fallen in love with his creation and means to keep her. All these sallies and situations are amusing and unnatural enough to appear natural. The professor is a lovable type, unusually objective a figure for Mr. Shaw, a new Svengali, and if only the flower-girl had been provided with a *clou* or *cliché* such as Du Maurier got hold of with the "foot" of his Trilby, this *Pygmalion* might well catch the fancy of the town. Perhaps she hasn't been worked up yet, as they say of our lighter drama. Certain it is she lacks animation. (The truth is that only one side of her is represented; characteristically, Mr. Shaw has only drawn a torso of a flower-girl.) Mr. Shaw seems afraid of her. We don't seem to get the perspective of this girl. The fun hangs on the interpolated dustman, on the professorial solicitude, the frolic is implied rather than attested, which is a pity, for there are certainly stage possibilities in a flower-girl crystallising into a lady—opportunities, at any rate, for a second version when the time comes for the "new" dresses and outrig.

Comparing the two plays technically, it is significant to observe how boldly Mr. Maugham has freed himself from the entertainment label, what a fresh and strong note he rings, as with what conservative insistency Mr. Shaw sticks to the old formula of artificial type designed primarily for the laugh. Though Mr. Maugham's situation is theatrical, and it is difficult to believe in the enormity of his lady-help's prudery, the theme makes a good play, and he must be congratulated on having recaptured his true art and made the public swallow it.

The acting in both Houses is notable. Miss Irene Vanbrugh excels in the difficult *rôle* of the ferocious virgin, plays all through with a fine understanding. In the other place the most physical actress on our stage has a part as invertebrate as a marionette, but contrives to have an epic moment with the jubilation of a full-mouthed "bloody."

S. O.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE WORKS OF MAN. By Lisle March Phillipps. (Duckworth and Co.)

Here is a work which should be in the hands of everyone, and we are delighted to find this new edition of it. Architecture, as a rule, rather terrifies the ordinary reader, but with Mr. March Phillipps the subject becomes a romance, so interesting, so entirely logical and alluring that one reads on spellbound, as it were, and, not only that, for one has in this compact volume a complete summary of the various styles from the Egyptian onwards, in which their purpose and meaning are revealed with masterly knowledge and charm. True, the author has a theory—the theory that architecture represents the thought of the age, tempered naturally by environment and conditions; in a word, man's work in stone represents the spirit of man through the ages. Mr. March Phillipps is a thinker, a student, and an artist. What he has to say is the result of careful thought and study, added to which he has the lucid form of expression of the French. This is no dilettante book, no mere manual, but a very philosophy of architectural art intelligible to the merest tyro, yet instructive to all. We accept his theory; we believe he has made out his case, and it is an extraordinarily interesting one. Perhaps he is a little hard on Moorish architecture—we would call his attention to the wonderful effect of the columns in the Cathedral of Cordova, to the design of the Alhambra; but otherwise what he says seems to us classic in its clearness of thought and expression, like the best Doric work. He is especially good on the Gothic. These pages are magnificent; nothing finer about Gothic has ever been written than his description of it as a fight, every portion of the structure being in violent action; thrust meets thrust in full career; the arches and side chapels push for all they are worth against the strength of nave and chancel; while the thrusts too high for them to deal with are encountered by the lofty zigzags of the flying buttresses and

guided to earth. Or take the chapter on Grecian art and the Greek sight. No man can read that without a deeper appreciation of the life and art of the Greeks; and, as he rightly says, the Greeks turned ethical principles into artistic laws. How true, again, his remarks on English art after Waterloo, which flung us back upon ourselves, thus leading to the dull self-satisfaction which characterised English art and life in the Victorian epoch! It is impossible here to touch on more than a few features of this remarkable book, which is a very trove of literary joy. It is a pity there is no glossary; it is a shame that a book like this should be so carelessly produced—bad printing, pictures that would be laughed at by the smallest American magazine journalist. But the stuff is magnificent. It was Mr. Belloc who first drew attention to the book; and Mr. Belloc is right: it is a book of beauty and fine critical appreciation, that rare thing that falls from time to time into the reviewer's hands—a work that for its own sake, for the joy that it dilutes of knowledge and sincerity, he would like to buy a dozen copies of to present to his friends.

DRAMATIC ACTUALITIES. By W. L. GEORGE. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

Mr. George is a clever man, and this book is a clever example of his method—a method obviously designed to superimpose himself upon a "public." It is a plea for the "common" man. Mr. George says, "I believe in the Box Office test," which he considers "the only test of a play," as the "sale of a book up to a point is an index of its value." At the same time Mr. George belabours men like Shaw and the other artists who write—we hope conscientiously—for the theatre, and incidentally falls into the vulgar English prejudice of regarding Strindberg as a madman, as, till quite recently, we regarded Shaw and Nietzsche and Wagner and most other really eminent writers. In other words, Mr. George is simply writing a book. He is not criticising from any standard of art. He is not applying his judgments from any standard of criticism. He has just written a kind of apology for the dull man—for what purpose it is difficult to see, since he ends up with the remark that "we yet shall have a stage as free as the pulpit," *i.e.*, he squares his own circle. Certainly this compilation will not contribute towards that end. Mr.

George has lately written a book telling Englishmen how to be Englishmen. He must be careful, because, not being an Englishman himself, he may discover too late that what after all the national spirit does appreciate is moral courage, and that the one unpardonable sin in this country is to be found out. And that would be a pity, because Mr. George has an unquestionable talent, which we hope to see developed rather than adapted to meet the exigencies of a case—his case.

CONFLICTING IDEALS: TWO SIDES OF THE WOMAN'S QUESTION. By B. L. HUTCHINS. (Murby, 1913.) 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

This summary of the present economic position of women is based upon careful investigation of modern industry and its reactions, and written with a balance and discrimination lacking in the more elaborate works of Olive Schreiner and Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Miss Hutchins insists that "a large proportion of women . . . may or may not want to work—some do, in fact, work really hard—but they do not want to work in the labour markets; they want to live for the use-values that are their tradition"; and her analysis of the position of these "womanly women *par excellence*" is acute and just. She concludes that "it is almost impossible to make any logical scheme or theory that will fit the woman and the young child exactly into a commercially organised society, based on exchange-values," and suggests the collective ownership of the means of production as the remedy. But she can even be just to the patriarchal family, as providing a stimulus and training in responsibility to men and a protection to women and children, under special conditions; and altogether approaches her subject with a perception of concrete difficulties as well as belief in her sex and sense of citizenship.

FICTION

WHERE BONDS ARE LOOSED. By GRANT WATSON. (Duckworth and Co.)

Here is a novel, by a new writer, which should be read. The author has something to say. It has been one of the misfortunes of our literary tutelage that, having an Empire, a man cannot write truthfully about it, so that the public knows nothing of our life beyond the seas save a little

Kiplingese and a few society novels of scandal in India. Mr. Grant Watson has come at a fortunate time. We are getting ready for a more serious fiction to-day, and he has the great advantage of coming to it untrammelled by traditional conventions such as paralyse the major part of our novelists. His novel deals with English types on a tiny island off Australia. He is direct, simple, and fearless, and the result is a book of quite an astonishing interest which plainly is written "on the spot." It is a young book, no doubt; technically a little ingenuous. Yet no one who picks it up will lay it aside; and the story of the young doctor struggling with his conscience and ambition against the more animal nature of the nurse on the island is in itself a subject of intense drama. Of course, the woman wins. There is little subtlety in the work, which in the hands of a great writer would have provided a gigantic theme for psychological revelation, but it is real enough and virile enough to class the writer as in all probability a "coming man." This is the new fiction—life. It is a piece of our life "out there." As a story it is good stuff.

DODO THE SECOND. By E. F. BENSON. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The English attitude has changed a bit since Dodo captivated London, and though she is just as smart and amusing as a woman of fifty about to become a mother, and even more so, for Mr. Benson's talent is as fresh as ever, she is like a marionette to-day, matter for the museum, to tell the truth, rather unpleasant even as a specimen. Still, Mr. Benson is really smart and clever. He has written a book which will be read, and his patter and glib brilliancy suffice to hold us. In other ways the novel provides interesting reflection. Its keynote is epicenity. All the men, Hugh, the lover, Berts, the tall youth, and Seymour, the rejected hero, are of that strange type which may be called the Peter Pan gender of male, very popular in the 'nineties, but now felt to be degenerate. Mr. Benson is essentially a creator of non-manly men. These men are worthless creatures. They belong to the late Victorian type of unreal men, and to-day they annoy us. On the other hand, the women are good, but Dodo speaks just like her daughter, and her daughter just like the other women. There is no characterisation. It is mere superficial

paint, a canvas set to show off the mental agility of the author; in other words, a dead book, uncreative. From the point of view of society, too, the book is of interest. Such a novel is in reality a terrible indictment of the "smart set," showing them to be incapable of emotions, feelings, and sense of reality. Just at this juncture the book reads almost like a portent—of the end that is to come; and treated seriously in this spirit it is provocative of speculation. Probably that is the last thing Mr. Benson intended. But there it is. The mark of decay is on this flippant, worthless society clique. And the mark of decay is on this epicene class of book-making. It is Ohnet in English, without the perfume *enivrant*. It is Peter Pan's bottled milk gone rather sour.

TIME AND THOMAS WARING. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Nash.)

Mr. Morley Roberts has long been known as a writer, yet somehow as a man who has never done himself justice, never had the courage, as it were, to free himself from the ruck of magazined fiction and stand four-square to the winds. In this work, however, the author is himself at last—a free man. There is nothing of what the public is supposed to want about this book, no concession to the Libraries. Mature and sure, writing with a definite purpose, saying precisely what he had to say, Mr. Morley Roberts has struck home in this novel, which must be acclaimed a fine piece of writing. It is the study of a man under the surgeon's knife, who, after the operation, sees life with a more philosophic eye, realises how futile his wisdom, strength, authority have been, how petty his achievements, how vain his efforts; and so sets to work to redress the balance. Here we have that rare thing, a faithful representation of life. No shabby romance, no "literat-too-re-la-dy" (to use a word of Aleister Crowley), but a sincere portrait of a man who begins at last to realise some of the realities and unrealities of life just at the eve of quitting it. All through, a curious strength amounting to passion radiates from this book, a sense of human throb and emotion extremely rare in English fiction. It has a touch of the macabre, so close the author delves into the human mind, into the deepness of things; we read slowly, for the words interest us (we realise the author has carefully weighed his language); the scenes in the operating-

theatre are so real that we seem to be present, watching the patient, like the anæsthetist with his finger on the radio-pulse; we wake up, as Mr. Waring, to a new consciousness of life, to the actualities of everyday tragedy. The man has time to re-order his life, to put things straight, to help his daughter marry the man she loves, to help the son he had turned adrift into the world, to help even his enemies; and then the end comes. Again, we are in the operating-theatre. Again, the anæsthetist says gently, "Breathe out firmly." And we follow Mr. Waring into sleep. All this is narrated with admirable dramatic conciseness and effect: we have read a book we are not likely to forget. If books have value, this has it. In many ways it is a homily, a philosophy of life, essentially a moral work modern in the whole breadth and realism of its composition. A full man's book.

A Crooked Mile. By Oliver Onions. Methuen. 6*s*.

Mr. Onions has evidently made a careful study of cranks and freak-families. In this book he contrasts one of these artistico-hygienic groups with a household run on old-fashioned and "normal" lines. The subject is an inviting one; but to handle it successfully requires rather a light touch. The solemn fooling of this volume is apt to grow wearisome. The book is also lacking in clarity: it is not clean-cut. Improbable figures, some of them quite unnecessary to the development of the tale, flit about the pages, say a few funny things (or not), and vanish again into the twilight—in short, the story, despite some admirable pages, is not what we should expect from a writer of Mr. Onions' alert and logical mind. That air of serious purport detracts from the natural charm of the theme; the characterisation is so overloaded as to produce the effect of futility. Moreover, the style of Mr. Onions has a way of becoming curiously undistinguished and bald. "It was this:—" he says, when, being too bored to work some detail into its proper place, he finds he has to explain to the reader what he is driving at. Really, we do not care to be button-holed in this preposterously frank fashion. And we wish he would abolish, or cause to be abolished, the printed *précis* which appears on the paper cover. *What the difference between them comes to in the end depends entirely on the interpretation put upon the story, but the*

comedy note speaks for itself. The Puff Illiterate—for which we trust Mr. Onions is not personally responsible.

ON THE STAIRCASE. By FRANK SWINNERTON. (Methuen and Co.)

Mr. Swinnerton, whose critical estimate of George Gissing attracted much attention, has not read that author in vain; and in this novel we have the Gissing method and the Gissing types, yet using that difficult medium Mr. Swinnerton has unquestionably written an admirable book. About clerks! Clerks that interest us, clerks who are felt to be human beings, clerks whose lives are as full of emotion and mind as those of any of us; clerks whom we even get to appreciate. There is very careful work in this novel. It has the note of distinction. A fine human sympathy plainly prompts the author, who, avoiding all limelight ruses of deception and situation, brings to his task a true art and a nice appreciation of values. His study of the girl bachelor, a modern girl this, is excellent. We understand her, we grow quite excited about the fight she puts up against his hero, a character also of firm and convincing projection. Mr. Swinnerton clearly reveals himself here as a novelist who is going to count considerably. Right through this is sincere, truth-seeking work, coming from below the surface. And withal there are traces of a genuine style, that indefinable savour of expression which communicates itself to the reader rather after he has finished the book than at the actual moment of perusal.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

OUIDA: A MEMOIR. By ELIZABETH LEE. (Fisher Unwin.) 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is not exactly a flattering likeness of Ouida—not exactly an "appreciation." It is so sternly veracious as to betoken, we fear, a congenital lack of sympathy between author and subject. We turn page after page, with patience and not without interest, and close the book at last, having gained the acquaintance of a restless woman who possessed a morbid love of animals, a rather noteworthy gift of florid language, and a mighty fine opinion of herself.

Of course, Ouida—the Ouida of *Strathmore*—is as much out of date as her own flamboyant Guardsmen who drenched their beards in scent, and breakfasted off caviare

and chocolate and sparkling Moselle. We do not need Miss Lee to tell us that. But at the same time she was a living force in her day, who opened up new vistas and gave pure, undiluted pleasure to many thousands of the wiser of her contemporaries. It is with her as with other inspiring writers: we have assimilated so thoroughly what was good in their outlook and teaching that we are pleased to forget whence we drew it. Ouida's passionate blend of realism and romance, her throbbing scorn of meanness in every shape—these things have played their part; and now nothing remains but to record a few truthful anecdotes about the cantankerous old woman who wore a queer costume, refused to have her shrubberies trimmed, and professed to enjoy the converse of ultra-worldly people.

Yes, she actually preferred the society of diplomats and duchesses to that of the Florence artists. Miss Lee twice draws attention to this strange attitude—as if there were something improper about Ouida's liking for decent food and amusing talk when she could have revelled in Ceylon tea and doughnuts, and listened to theories on Cinque-Cento *chiaro-scuro* among the fifty squabbling little coteries of that City of Misunderstandings. And—horror of horrors!—she boldly confessed her preference, in a general way, for male over female company; in other words, she dared to display the tastes of a natural woman. She was guilty of statements like this: "Disease kills more women than men, and therefore serves the world better (than war)." Out of date, with a vengeance!

But there was no limit to her perverse audacity. She said exactly what she thought of Queen Victoria and Joseph Chamberlain; of Tolstoy she wrote that "his morality and monogamy are against common sense and nature"; and as to Oscar Wilde—well, "it may be very immoral of me, but I do not think the law should meddle with these offences." There's a woman for you, antiquated—almost prehistoric—in her Madonna-like indulgence for sinners! And, hand in hand with this fantastic charity, she could bring herself to say that "I cannot think that a man who believes in Christianity is a man of great intellect." No wonder such sentiments do not appeal to our modern brood of thin-lipped, flat-chested, vegetarian world-reformers. Ouida's critical and social opinions are infernally out of date—quite inconveniently modern,

in fact. There is the milk of humanity in them—glowing conviction and sincerity; they are written from a standpoint altogether too European, too womanly, too personally-vibrant for present-day needs; and in a language, moreover, whose picturesque and vigorous independence comes as a positive shock after the frowsily-derivative Grub-street brand of to-day. The younger generation will do well not to take these things on trust from Miss Lee or anyone else, but to go to the fountain-head, to Ouida's text, where they will learn something to their advantage.

They come as a shock, these writings, because in the short interval since they were published our whole view of life and letters has changed. The cult of humbug and prettiness has crept over from America to taint our literary market; the shattering of the Boer War has had an evil effect upon our national mentality; Bergson and sundry God-fearing mystics have replaced the giants of Ouida's era. It is an epoch of constriction, of closed pores; of democracy and moral dyspepsia. Either we write for an imaginary *jeune fille*, or else we elaborate—purely as a commercial speculation—crafty and malodorous problems of divorce: frenzied attempts to "sell" by scandalising a sexless *bourgeoisie*. Ouida was not one of these professional hacks, but a full-blooded personality of aristocratic instincts who wrote—when she cared to write at all—to please her equals; a rationalistic anti-vulgarian; a woman of wide horizons, endowed with heart and brains, and one who stood for generous issues; the last, or almost the last, of lady-authors. What has such a genial creature in common with this anæmic and introspective generation? The *Massarenes* has its faults, but how many of our actual woman-scribes, for all their monkey-tricks of cleverness, could have written it? The haunting charm of *In Maremma* . . . but why ask our public to taste such stuff? You might as well invite a bilious nutfooder to a Lord Mayor's banquet.

All of which does not come out with any approach to clearness in this Memoir. On the contrary, by the help of quotations from Vernon Lee and Henry James, we are led into the belief that the chief merit of Ouida's novels is her delineation of Italian scenery. This is like praising a woman by saying that she may be ugly and bad-tempered, but that there is something not displeasing, after all, in

the way she does her hair. In the place of any catholic appraisement, we learn an infinity of extrinsic matters, and chiefly this: that Ouida had no reverence for money. That was her unpardonable sin. Envied in prosperity, she was smugly pitied in her distress; and because she refused to accept aid from certain quarters she is now dubbed "unmanageable." Such is the fate of all who stand aloof from the crowd, among a nation of canting shopkeepers. To die penniless, after being the friend of duchesses, is distinctly bad form—a slur on society. True, she might have bettered her state by accepting a lucrative proposal to write her autobiography, but there, again, she considered such literature *a degrading form of vanity*, and refused the offer. Hopelessly unmanageable. . . . Accordingly, Miss Lee has stepped into the breach.

"Poor Ouida!" says one reviewer, inspired by this volume. She would indeed be poor if she had to rely for her fame upon this parochial performance. What we chiefly resent is a certain specious air of finality which the authoress has contrived to infuse into her pages. For there is much to be said about Ouida which has not found a place here, and the reason is obvious: she was a phenomenon too big to be squeezed into this kind of frame. We get the truth, so far as it goes; it is the kind of truth which leaves a bad taste in the mouth and does credit neither to the significance of Ouida nor the intelligent humanity of her biographer. Instead of presenting Ouida, Miss Lee has exposed her. She quotes some just appreciations, but her own views and comments are tinged with a sub-acid flavour. A chill production! and one that illustrates yet again the difficulties some women seem to experience when they set out to be fair to a member of their own sex.

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